SUD[illegible] ASSIZES.

GUILDFORD, *Thursday, Aug. 2.*

Last night Mr. Baron HOTHAM and Mr. Serjeant RUNNINGTON opened the Commission for this County; and this morning at twelve o'clock proceeded to the trial of causes.

The calendar of prisoners is not numerous, nor contains any very atrocious offence. The man for the murder of the Dulwich Hermit is not in the list.

On the civil side there are 20 causes, of which six are Special Juries. Six Common Jury causes were tried this morning, of which one only was remarkable, and that chiefly from the adherence of the Jury to their own opinion against that of the Court. It was the case of

THE KING *v.* INDGE AND SANDERSON.

Mr. NOLAND and Mr. WETHERALL for the prosecution stated the nature and circumstance of this case. It was an indictment against the two defendants, as Stewards of a Benefit Society, held in the Borough, for not obeying an order of two Magistrates, by which they were commanded to restore to the books of the Society a man of the name of Young, who had been expelled for alledged breach of the laws of the society. The man laid a complaint before Messrs. Carpenter Smith and Brodie, and they by their order directed him to be restored. This order was [illegible] with, and the defendants as Stewards [illegible] Society, were indicted for the disobedience.

On the part of [illegible] cution the order was proved [illegible] read, and a[illegible] the name of Pix proved that he served it on [illegible] one of the defendants, who said on receiving [illegible] that it was what he expected, and that the [illegible] defendant said nothing. It was also proved that Young was a Member of the Society, and had not been restored in obedience to the order.

It was objected by Mr. Serjeant BEST and Mr. CURWOOD, for the defendant, that there was no case made upon which they could be convicted; inasmuch as it did not appear that these persons upon whom the order was made, had any power of restoring Young to [illegible] in the Society, and they might as well have directed them to perform any other impossible thing.

Mr. Thomas Matchin, the Secretary of the Society, was called, who stated that the Society had received the *order* from the hands of the two defendants, the stewards, and that they had unanimously resolved the man should not be restored, because they thought that the order had made against their rules and regulations; and he added, that the stewards had no power to restore the man against the will of the Society.

The Learned Judge who tried the cause told the Jury, that in his opinion the case was clear, there was no evidence to fix any imputation of wilful disobedience of the order upon the defendants, and with this impression, he had not thought it necessary to call upon the Learned Serjeant (BEST) to say any thing in his defence.

The Jury, however, hesitating some [illegible] Serjeant BEST begged he might say a few [illegible]

OFFICIAL DEFEN[illegible]

DELIVERED IN [illegible]

[*Continued from the* COUR[illegible]

The campaign of the ye[illegible] It begun with a second pass[illegible] French army [illegible] helm, on [illegible] The defeat of the enemy was comp[illegible] men, with a General, were made pri[illegible] pieces of cannon, the military chest, [illegible] of standards, fell also into his hand[illegible] Khel was taken, after a seige of [illegible] hours of the most obstinate resistan[illegible] the effects of that passage, that no obs[illegible] to overruning the whole of Germany. [illegible] this time the conqueror of Ar[illegible] better than conqueror: he made [illegible] name and his arms prepare the wa[illegible] The preliminaries of Leoben [illegible] army of the Rhine and Moselle st[illegible] glory.

In passing the Rhine, the waggo[illegible] Klinglin had been taken, containing [illegible] papers; and amongst the rest a [illegible] pondence in cyphers, which were bro[illegible] reau. Dessaix was then sick, and wa[illegible] Moreau to decypher that correspond[illegible] long and difficult, and required mu[illegible] prehend but imperfectly the meaning [illegible] to General Moreau and the officers [illegible] business, that Pichegru had in [illegible] a correspondence with the Fr[illegible]

It was then the year 5; a[illegible] caused by a correspondence, th[illegible] army, and its situation, so [illegible] chegru.

Pichegru had left that arm[illegible] indeed did not command any army. [illegible] was become a member of the As[illegible] dred, but in that situation he ha[illegible] in his power which seemed to be [illegible] correspondence. All the spies that [illegible] were tried and punished without noise [illegible] never even thought of making a [illegible] part of his [illegible]

All the [illegible] more or [illegible] disconcerted by the loyalty of the Gen[illegible] army, notwithstanding the arts used, [illegible] with so faithful a spirit, that it w[illegible] that time that the brilliant campaign [illegible] the heart of Germany; and such w[illegible] inspired that, after the [illegible] in the year 5, Moreau wo[illegible] peror to peace, if Bonaparte [illegible] his one in Italy.

Such were the acts of Moreau [illegible] that same army, on which a year [illegible] guers had formed plans, the only ch[illegible] which were illusion and folly. Perhaps [illegible] so faithful to his trust, who had so no[illegible] all these chimerical plots, may be all[illegible] despised projects that were overturned [illegible] as conceived, and [illegible] content himself [illegible] his army by its [illegible] for the [illegible] suspicions which had been enter[illegible]

[illegible] der the orders of G[illegible]

, on this occasion, rendered
y to do so, in consequence of
play, which has never been
tlemen, many are the topics
on; (*Here the clamour became
ing hear him, others hissing.*)—
I would not trespass upon your
es not appear to be voluntary;
the duty I feel myself called
ould not stand here opposed to
nd opposition; but that duty I
The Hon. Baronet has advanc-
ut calumniators, and, it is my
s been charged truly with being
The tumult and hissing now be-
hat Mr. MAINWARING quitted
t being able to obtain further

proceeded to town in the usual
happened.

HE CROWN AND ANCHOR.

l of the friends of Sir FRANCIS
the Crown and Anchor Tavern,
e company was not so numerous
rmer occasions.

ENNISON, who was in the chair,
removed, gave the following

Electors of Middlesex, and may their
contest be crowned with the success

nk with three times three.
then said, he had to propose to
toast, which, he had no doubt,
rink in a bumper; he meant to
s honourable and much respected

t, and that he may succeed in his

t, he would beg leave to add one
as he loved and esteemed his
ot esteem him for himself alone,
electors might prefer him from
olely; but in order that they
ample, that the principles which
e Independent Electors of Mid-
forgotten, nor were likely to

runk,
DETT addressed the company.—
to express his sincere gratitude
of kindness which had been
oped that the Freeholders of
der the nature of the contest
son engaged in it; that they
ntest as one of infinite im-
of Middlesex; and that it
object was to prevent Con-
Placemen from taking pos-
nty. If, in the hands of the
should be the happy instru-
from so great an evil, it
consolation to him. And if

BURDETT, and recom... that every means might be taken to ensure his return. ... cause of that Hon. Baronet's principles was the cause of genuine liberty. The Hon. Baronet had been charged with disloyal actions; but, it ought to be recollected, that similar charges had hitherto been made against the first Peer and against the greatest Statesman in the country. Now, he would ask, whether it was likely that a man, such as Sir FRANCIS BURDETT, with hereditary wealth, could ever have meditated the destruction of a system that must lead to his own ruin? He wished Sir FRANCIS BURDETT to be elected for Middlesex, because he wished to save that place from becoming a close borough.

Another Gentleman, whose name we could not learn, warmly spoke in favour of Sir F. BURDETT.

The CHAIRMAN next gave

"The Honourable CHARLES JAMES FOX,"

The CHAIRMAN then called the recollection of the company to the state of the poll for Westminster in 1784, when Mr. FOX had a much greater number against him, than Sir F. BURDETT now had, and at last gained the election. He then gave as a toast:

"May we never forget our principles in prosperity, nor slacken our efforts in adversity."

This was drank with three times three.

A young Gentleman, of the name of HARVEY, addressed the Meeting, in a speech of some length. He said, he himself was only eighteen years of age, and, therefore, was unable to give Sir FRANCIS BURDETT a vote; but he had offered to assign his freehold over to his guardian, on condition of his voting on the same side. He said he would rather die in the midst of freedom, than accept his freehold, at the age of twenty-one, in slavery.—(*Loud applause*).

Mr. CLIFFORD spoke for some time; and said, that he had again brought up several of the millers to vote; and that some of them, having many shares in the mill, were considered good votes. He said, Sir FRANCIS BURDETT, as possessing landed estates, had a much greater interest in preserving this country, and in defending it from foreign enemies, than those city contractors, whose property lay in the funds, which they could sell out and carry with them wherever they pleased.

The CHAIRMAN then gave the next toast;

"The Principles asserted in 1688."

Afterwards, he gave,

"Lord Robert Spencer;"

And, lastly, that distinguished Personage, who was expected to be Patriot King:

"The Prince of Wales."

The latter toast was drunk with enthusiastic applause.

Mr. TRAVERS, Mr. FROST, and a Clergyman from Norfolk, recommended an immediate and active canvass; after which, the company dispersed, about nine o'clock.

Yesterday about half past 11 o'clock, a carriage for the more rapid conveyance of troops was inspected on the parade before the Horse Guards, by his ...ness the Duke of YORK, Generals BUR... HOPE, Adjutant RAINSFORD, Commis... SON, Mr. PITT, Lord HAWKESBURY, ... the LORD MAYOR, and a vast

FREEHOLDERS of the COUNTY of MIDDLESEX.

GENTLEMEN,

THE advantage which we have gained this day, and the present state of the Poll, afford a proof that it is in your power to enable me to defeat the foul conspiracy which has been formed to annihilate your rights as Electors of Middlesex. But I should regret this advantage if I were not persuaded that you possess the steady perseverance of Englishmen, and that the appearance of success, instead of relaxing, will invigorate your exertions, until the object for which you contend shall be completely attained.

I have the honour to be,
Gentlemen,
Your faithful humble servant,
GEO. BOULTON MAINWARING.

Weymouth-street, Aug. 2, 1804.

STATE OF THE POLL.

Mr. Mainwaring - -	2407
Sir Francis Burdett -	2277
Majority for Mr. Mainwaring	130

MIDDLESEX ELECTION.

A COMMITTEE of the FRIENDS of Mr. MAINWARING will sit every day at the following places, where any information relative to had votes which have been, or are proposed to be polled for Sir Francis Burdett; and also any account of such Freeholders as have not yet polled, will be most thankfully received:

At No. 7, Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
At Mr. Willock's, No. 19, Golden-square, corner of Brewer-street.
At No. 6, Wellclose-square.
At Furnival's-inn Coffee-house, Holborn.

MIDDLESEX ELECTION.—Coaches will be provided at the following places on MONDAY Morning, at Seven o'Clock precisely, and every Morning during the Election, at the same hour, for the purpose of conveying the Freeholders in the Interest of GEORGE BOULTON MAINWARING, Esq. to and from Brentford, viz:

The Pantheon, Oxford-road.
Parliament-street.
Opposite Saint James's Church, Piccadilly.
Opposite Furnival's Inn, Holborn.
Clerkenwell Green.
Islington Green.
Opposite Whitechapel Church.
Opposite Shoreditch Church.
Court-House, Wellclose-square.
Shadwell, opposite the Church.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FROM THE PARIS PAPERS.

PARIS, JULY 26.

The following occurrence is said to have taken place during the EMPEROR's journey to Boulogne: Having arrived at six o'clock in the morning at Abbeville from St. Clond, to which place he travelled without halting, he passed through that town; but at about half a league beyond it, he ordered his carriage to stop at the door of a mean house in the commune of Bugny, kept by a man of the name of DETAMINIER, a blacksmith and publican, who being alarmed at such a train, hid himself in his wood house. His wife was asked if she had a cow, to which having answered in the affirmative, a silver porringer was handed to her, and she was ordered to milk the cow into it, in doing which she gave many diverting proofs of her embarrassment. She was ordered to boil the milk, and some coffee, which was previously prepared, was mixed with it. The EMPEROR alighted from his carriage, and a table and a folding chair, which is always carried with him, were placed before the door. When he had breakfasted, he ordered the master of the house to be called, who was discovered in his hiding place, and brought forward, keeping

of suspicion, jealousy, and remorse ing in the midst of society—alone

After being in a minority of 4 poll, and 130 on the whole poll, Si DETT returned from Brentford to and Anchor, *with what appetite*, ers to judge. Inexhaustible, ho he still continues to assure his fri of to-day will be repaired to-mo last he shall come in proud, triu rious. When he gets near his day's poll, then his confidence of ed—when he is left behind him, us, are not at all weakened.

We are now told of the great canvassing for the Baronet. It was ago that the Marchioness of SA active in his interest; but that La sent a letter, in which she says supporting Sir FRANCIS, "she " trary, certainly use every possi " so professed an enemy of this ha

Mr. Fox is now said to be canvass—his efforts will be as ine Sir FRANCIS's other friends. not to be deluded by *names*—they the Baronet which no name, how liate—Yet he still talks of calumn common thing for persons who dese reprobation themselves, to begin and reprobating others. There is practised by the Burdett faction, have escaped animadversion. The the mob—"Pray, Gentlemen, have fair play, and hear what he the mob have been previously in fer a word he says to be heard.

Nothing very remarkable took The Stewards advertised were on *paper*. Not above two or thre SHERIDAN may give his vote to S *pinch* (one of the Freeholders *at a p* too much taste to favour him with dinner. Among the toasts given, nor did we expect to find, "The K

Private letters mention, that the sh took place near Ostend on Sunday formed by picked men of the *corps* sence of BONAPARTE, who was so we their behaviour, that he made sever cers, Members of the Legion of Hon manded himself the party on shore, veral Generals, and the re the water, as we have alread der the orders of

rier.

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THE LIFE

OF THE LATE

JOHN ELWES, ESQUIRE;

MEMBER IN THREE SUCCESSIVE PARLIAMENTS FOR BERKSHIRE.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE PAPER OF

The World.

INSCRIBED TO SIR PAUL JODRELL,

BY EDWARD TOPHAM, ESQ.

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THE THIRD EDITION.

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SHAFTESBURY's CHARACT.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. RIDGWAY, YORK-STREET, ST. JAMES'S-SQUARE.

1790.

TO

SIR PAUL JODRELL,

PHYSICIAN TO THE NABOB OF ARCOT,

AND NOW RESIDING IN INDIA.

My long valued Friend,

THE LIFE, *which follows this, has already met more than its due ſhare of approbation. But the ſingularity of the character will alone make it matter of curioſity. In delivering down to others an account ſo extraordinary, I was anxious to inſcribe it with a name that might well deſerve remembrance. A name of more merit than yours I do not know; and ſhould I here err, I am indeed miſtaken in my judgment, for we have known each other during the period of our lives. We were* boys *together at* ETON; ſtudents *together at* CAMBRIDGE; *and we* travelled *together through* SCOTLAND.

The diſtance which now divides us, removes from me all imputation of flattery here; *and the*

uſual homage *of* INDIA *will make you think what I am now ſaying of you, but very cool commendation.*

THIS work, *therefore, I inſcribe to you as a tribute of long friendſhip; nor have I more to add, than to ſay, with ſubmiſſion, that while you are taking care of a* NABOB, *pray take care of* YOURSELF.

EDWARD TOPHAM.

Cowſlip Hall, Suffolk,
January 20, 1790.

THE

THE PREFACE.

DURING the life time of MR. ELWES, I ſaid to him more than once, "*I would write his life.*" His anſwer was—"*there is nothing in it*, SIR, *worth mentioning.*"

That I have been of a different opinion, my labours will ſhew; and if I have any knowledge of HISTORY, or *human* NATURE, it will form an *epoch* in the BIOGRAPHY of the *eighteenth century*, that ſuch characters lived, as thoſe of SIR HERVEY, and MR. ELWES, his nephew. Men voluntarily giving up all the bleſſings of life to ſave money they knew not why; embracing poverty and mortification as the beſt lot of exiſtence; and dying martyrs to that wealth, whoſe accumulation afforded no enjoyment.

In giving the LIFE of MR. ELWES to the world, ſuch have been the ſentiments that have filled my mind. The delineation of characters ſuch as theſe, I conſider as very moral

moral inſtruction to mankind, and a leſſon more demonſtrative of the perfect vanity of *unuſed wealth*, than has hitherto been preſented to the public; and ſuch is the anſwer I give to thoſe, who may have obſerved, "YOU need not have told all theſe things."

An obſervation ſo trivial as this, would have ſtopped, had it been regarded, every uſeful and improving narrative that TIME or HISTORY has delivered down to us. On ſuch grounds, even LIVY, or PLUTARCH had never written: the delightful Memoirs of SULLY, liſtening to ſuch objections, had never ſeen the light; and all that aids Virtue, or marks Vice, by the preſentment of recorded character, all had been ſunk, without remembrance, or benefit, to mankind!

SUCH have been my reaſons for publiſhing the LIFE of MR. ELWES; and I feel pleaſure, that while I may have given thoſe ſmaller traits of action which beſt delineate character, I can truly and confcientiouſly ſay, I have not omitted one circumſtance, in my memory, that was honourable to the man, whoſe hiſtory I have written.

With

With this honeſt aſſurance, I preſent the *Memoir*, thus reprinted, to the public. Their approbation of it, more kind, perhaps, than juſt, has called for its republication.

On doing this, I give it as a voluntary tribute to a BOOKSELLER of merit and diligence; and I wiſh him, unbenefitted myſelf, every ſucceſs: but before I cloſe this account, I ought not to omit the expreſſion of my thanks to ſome Members of the HOUSE of COMMONS, who favoured me with different anecdotes of MR. ELWES, not entirely known to myſelf; and ſtill more particularly to THOMAS RUGGLES, Eſq. of SPAINSHALL, in the COUNTY of ESSEX, for the communication of ſome very beautiful verſe, ſeen at the end of the Narrative; and to THOMAS WALFORD, Eſquire, of CLARE, in the County of SUFFOLK, for the very complete PEDIGREE of the ELWES' FAMILY, which leads this work; and which his very accurate reſearches into every intereſting anecdote, could alone have ſupplied.

THE

THE

LIFE

OF THE LATE

JOHN ELWES, ESQUIRE.

NUMBER I.

THE *family name* of Mr. Elwes was *Meggot:* and as his name was *John*, the conjunction of *Jack Meggot*, made ſtrangers ſometimes imagine that his intimates were addreſſing him by an aſſumed appellation. His father was a *brewer* of great eminence. His dwelling-houſe and offices were ſituated in Southwark; which borough was formerly repreſented in parliament by his grandfather, Sir George Meggot. Mr. Clowes is now

in poſſeſſion of the above premiſes. He purchaſed, during his life, the eſtate now in poſſeſſion of the family at Marcham, in Berkſhire, of the Calverts, who were in the ſame line. The father died while the late Mr. Elwes was only four years old; ſo, little of the character of Mr. Elwes is to be attributed to him; but from the *mother* it may be traced at once—for though ſhe was left nearly *one hundred thouſand pounds* by her huſband—ſhe *ſtarved herſelf to death!*

The only children from the marriage above, were Mr. Elwes, and a daughter who married the father of the late Colonel Timms—and from thence came *the intail* of ſome part of the preſent eſtate.

At an early period of life he was ſent to Weſtminſter School, where he remained for ten or twelve years. During that time he certainly had not miſapplied his talents—for he was a good *claſſical ſcholar* to the laſt—and it is a circumſtance not a little remarkable, though well authenticated, that he never read afterwards. Never was he ſeen at any period of his future life with a book, nor has he in all his different houſes now left behind him, books that would, were they collected together, *ſell for two pounds.* His knowledge in accounts was ſtill more trifling—and in ſome meaſure may account for the total ignorance he was always in as to his own affairs.

The

The contemporaries of Mr. Elwes, at Weſtminſter, were Mr. Worſley, late maſter of the Board of Works, and the preſent Lord Mansfield; who, at that time, had no objection to borrow all that *young* Elwes even then would lend. His lordſhip, however, has ſince changed his diſpoſition, though Mr. Elwes never altered his.

From Weſtminſter School, Mr. Elwes removed to Geneva, where he ſoon entered upon purſuits more agreeable to him than ſtudy. The *riding-maſter* of the academy there, had then to boaſt, perhaps, three of the beſt riders in Europe. Mr. Worſley, Mr. Elwes, and Sir Sydney Meadows. Of the three, Elwes was reckoned the moſt deſperate: the young horſes were always put into his hands, and he was the *rough-rider* to the other two.

During this period he was introduced to Voltaire, whom he ſomewhat reſembled in point of appearance: but though he has mentioned this circumſtance, the *genius*, the *fortune*, the *character* of Voltaire, never ſeemed to ſtrike him—they were out of his contemplation, and his way: the *horſes* in the riding-ſchool he remembered much longer, and their reſpective qualities made a much deeper impreſſion on him.

On his return to England, after an abſence of two or three years, he was to be introduced to his uncle, the late Sir Harvey Elwes, who was

then living at Stoke, in Suffolk, perhaps the moſt perfect *picture of human penury* that ever exiſted. The attempts at ſaving money were, in him, ſo extraordinary, that Mr. Elwes, perhaps, never quite reached them, even at the laſt period of his life.

To Sir Harvey Elwes he was to be the heir, and of courſe it was requiſite to pleaſe him. On this account it was neceſſary, even in old Mr. Elwes, to maſquerade a little; and as he was at that time in the world, and its affairs, he dreſſed like other people. This would not have done for Sir Harvey. So the nephew uſed to ſtop at a *little inn* at Chelmsford, which he did not much like, and begin to *dreſs in character*—a pair of ſmall iron buckles, worſted ſtockings darned, a worn-out old coat, and a tattered waiſtcoat, were put on, and onwards he rode to viſit his uncle, who uſed to contemplate him with a *miſerable kind* of ſatisfaction, and ſeemed pleaſed to find his heir attempting to come up with him in the race of avarice. There would they ſit—*ſaving pair!*—with a ſingle ſtick upon the fire, and with one glaſs of wine, occaſionally, betwixt them, talking of the extravagance of the times; and when evening ſhut in, they would retire to reſt—as "*going to bed ſaved candle-light.*"

But the nephew had then, what he had always, a very extraordinary appetite—and this would have

have been a monſtrous offence in the eye of the uncle: ſo Mr. Elwes was obliged to pick up a dinner firſt, with ſome neighbour in the country, and then return to Sir Harvey with a little diminutive appetite that was quite engaging.

A *partridge*, a *ſmall pudding*, and a *potatoe*, did the buſineſs! and the fire was ſuffered to go out while Sir Harvey was at dinner, as eating was quite exerciſe enough.

But as Mr. Elwes inherited from Sir Harvey a great part of the preſent fortune—ſomewhat of their hiſtories become neceſſarily intermixed: and, I truſt, a ſmall digreſſion to give the picture of Sir Harvey, will not be thought unamuſing or foreign to the ſubject. He was, as may be imagined, a moſt ſingular character—and the way in which he lived was not leſs ſo. His ſecluſion from the world nearly reached that of an *hermit:* and could the extremity of his avarice have been taken out of the queſtion, a more blameleſs life was never led.

Of this character—a few ſingular circumſtances ſhall be given:—and to men of modern times and more diſſipated manners, uſed to hurry, and accuſtomed to continual variety—ſuch a ſyſtem of living as he purſued, will ſcarcely appear credible. But the picture is real and curious.

ous. It will ſerve to ſhew—"There is living "out of London"—and that a man may at length ſo effectually retire into himſelf—that there may remain little elſe but VEGETATION *in a human ſhape.*

NUMBER

NUMBER II.

PROVIDENCE, perhaps, has wiſely ordered it, that the *poſſeſſors of eſtates* ſhould change like the ſucceſſion of ſeaſons:—the day of tillage and the ſeed time—the harveſt and the conſumption of it—in due order, follow each other; and in the ſcale of events, are all neceſſary alike. This ſucceſſion was exemplified in the character of SIR HARVEY ELWES, who ſucceeded to SIR JERVAISE, a very worthy gentleman, that had involved as far as they would go, all the eſtates he received and left behind him. On his death, Sir Harvey found himſelf nominally poſſeſſed of *ſome thouſands* a year, but really with an income of *one hundred pounds* per annum. He ſaid, on his arrival at Stoke, the family ſeat, "that never would he leave it till he had entirely cleared the paternal eſtate;"—and he lived to do that and to realize above *one hundred thouſand pounds* in addition.

But he was formed of the very materials to make

make perfect—*the character of a* MISER. In his youth he had been given over for a *conſumption*, ſo he had no conſtitution and no paſſions: he was timid, ſhy, and diffident in the extreme: of a thin, ſpare habit of body, and without a friend upon earth.

As he had no acquaintance, no books, and no turn for reading—the hoarding up, and the counting, his money, was his greateſt joy. The next to that was—*partridge ſetting*: at which he was ſo great an adept, and game was then ſo plentiful—that he has been known to take 500 *brace of birds* in one ſeaſon. But he lived upon partridges—he and his whole *little houſehold*—conſiſting of one man and two maids. What they could not eat he turned out again, as he never gave away any thing.

During the partridge ſeaſon, Sir Harvey and *his man* never miſſed a day, if the weather was tolerable—and his breed of dogs being remarkably good, he ſeldom failed in taking great quantities of game. At all times, he wore a black velvet cap much over his face—a worn-out full dreſſed ſuit of cloaths, and an old great coat, with worſted ſtockings drawn up over his knees. He rode a thin thorough-bred horſe, and "*the horſe and his rider*" both looked as if a guſt of wind would have blown them away together.

When

When the day was not ſo fine as to tempt him abroad, he would walk backwards and forwards in his old hall, to ſave the expence of fire.

If a farmer in his neighbourhood came in, he would ſtrike a light in a tinder-box that he kept by him, and putting *one ſingle ſtick* upon the grate, would not add another till the firſt was nearly burnt out.

As he had but little connection with London, he always had three or four thouſand pounds at a time in his houſe. A ſet of fellows, who were afterwards known by the appellation of the *Thackſtead gang*—and who were all hanged—formed a plan to rob him. They were totally unſuſpected at the time, as each had ſome apparent occupation during the day, and went out only at night, and when they had got intelligence of any great booty.

It was the cuſtom of Sir Harvey to go up into his bed-chamber at eight o'clock, where, after taking a baſon of *water-gruel*, by the light of a ſmall fire, he went to bed—to ſave the unneceſſary extravagance of a candle.

The *gang*, who knew the hour when his ſervant went to the ſtable, leaving their horſes in a ſmall grove on the Eſſex ſide of the river, walked acroſs and hid themſelves in the church porch, till they ſaw the man come up to his

horſes. They then immediately fell upon him, and after ſome little ſtruggle they bound and gagged him: they then ran up towards the houſe, tied the two maids together, and going up to Sir Harvey, preſented their piſtols, and demanded his money.

At no part of his life did Sir Harvey ever behave ſo well as in this tranſaction. When they aſked for his money, he would give them no anſwer till they had aſſured him that his ſervant, who was a great favourite, was ſafe:—he then delivered them the key of a drawer in which was 50 guineas. But they knew, too well, he had much more in the houſe, and again threatened his life, without he diſcovered where it was depoſited. At length he ſhewed them the place, and they turned out a large drawer, where were *ſeven and twenty hundred guineas.* This they packed up in two large baſkets and actually carried off. *A robbery which, for* QUANTITY *of* SPECIE, *was perhaps never equalled.* On quitting him, they told him they ſhould leave a man behind, who would murder him if he moved for aſſiſtance. On which he very coolly, and with ſome ſimplicity, took out his watch which they had not aſked for, and ſaid "gentlemen, I do no not want to take any of you, therefore, upon my honour, I will give you twenty minutes for your eſcape: after that time, nothing ſhall prevent me from ſeeing how my ſervant does." He was as good as his word; when

when the time expired, he went and untied the man; but though ſome ſearch was made by the village, the robbers were not diſcovered.

When they were taken up ſome years afterwards for other offences, and were known to be the men who robbed Sir Harvey, he would not appear againſt them.

Mr. Harrington, of Clare, who was his lawyer, preſſed him to go to Chelmsford to identify their perſons; but nothing could perſuade him. "*No, no,*" ſaid he, "*I have loſt my money, and now you want me to loſe my time alſo.*"

Of what temperance can do, Sir Harvey was an inſtance. At an early period of life he was given over for a conſumption, and he lived till betwixt *eighty and ninety years of age.*

Amongſt the few acquaintances he had, was an occaſional club at his own village of Stoke—and there were members of it, *two baronets* beſides himſelf, Sir Cordwell Firebras, and Sir John Barnardiſton. However rich they were, the reckoning was always an object of their inveſtigation. As they were one day ſettling this difficult *point*, an odd fellow, who was a member, called out to a friend who was paſſing—"for heaven's ſake ſtep up ſtairs and aſſiſt *the poor!* here are three baronets worth a *million of money* quarelling *about a farthing.*"

When Sir Harvey died, the only tear that was

dropped upon his grave, fell from the eye of his ſervant, who had long and faithfully attended him. To that ſervant he bequeathed a farm of 50l. per annum, "to him and to his heirs."

In the chaſtity and abſtinence of his life, Sir Harvey Elwes was a rival to Sir Iſaac Newton—for he would have held it unpardonable to have *given*—even his affections. And, as he ſaw no lady whatever, he had but little chance of barteringthem matrimonially for money.

When he died, he lay in *ſtate*, ſuch as it was, at his ſeat at Stoke. Some of the tenants obſerved, with more humour than decency, "that it was well Sir Harvey could not ſee it."

On his death, his fortune, which had now become immenſe, fell to his nephew, Mr. Meggot, who, by will, was ordered to aſſume the name and arms of Elwes.

Thus lived, and thus died, the uncle to old Mr. Elwes, whoſe poſſeſſions, at the time of his death, were ſuppoſed to be, at leaſt *two hundred and fifty thouſand pounds*, and whoſe annual expenditure was about *one hundred and ten pounds!*

However incredible this may appear, it is yet ſtrictly true; his cloaths coſt him nothing, for he took them out of an old cheſt, where they had lain ſince the gay days of Sir Jervaiſe.

He kept his houſehold chiefly upon game, and fiſh which he had in his own ponds; and the

cows

cows which grazed before his own door, furniſhed milk, cheeſe, and butter, for the little œconomical houſehold. What fuel he did burn, his woods ſupplied.

Thoſe who have wiſhed to find an excuſe for the penury of Sir Harvey, have urged, that he had paſſed ſo long a period of his life alone, in recovering the eſtate, that he could not again encounter the world; and that his ſhyneſs was ſo extreme, that company gave him no pleaſure.

To thoſe who are continually courting the buſtle of ſociety, and the fever of public ſcenes, it may be curious to learn, that here was a man, *who had the courage to live nearly* SEVENTY YEARS ALONE!

That this was done without former ſcenes to afford matter for reflection, or books to entertain, but in purſuing one ruling paſſion—*the amaſſing unuſed* WEALTH.

To the whole of this property Mr. Elwes ſucceeded; and it was imagined, *that* of his own, was not at that time very inferior. He got too an additional ſeat—but he got it, as it had been moſt religiouſly delivered down for ages paſt. The furniture was moſt ſacredly antique; not a room was painted, nor a window repaired; the beds above ſtairs were all in canopy and ſtate; where the worms and moths held their undiſturbed

turbed reign; and the roof of the houſe was inimitable for the *climate of Italy*.

In ſhort, the whole verified what was ſaid—"that nobody would live with Sir Harvey Elwes if they could—nor could if they would."

NUMBER

NUMBER III.

THE contemplation of ſuch a character as that of Sir Harvey Elwes, affords a very mortifying and melancholy picture of human infirmity. The contraſt of ſo much wealth, and ſo much abuſe of it, is degrading to the human underſtanding. But in return, it yet has its uſes. For let thoſe who fancy there is a *charm in riches*, able to fix happineſs, here view all their inability, and all their failure; and acknowledge, that the *mind alone* "makes or mars" our felicity. For who almoſt would credit, that while the comforts, if not the luxuries of life, are ſuppoſed to confer happineſs, and be the foundation of our pleaſures—who would credit that Sir Harvey Elwes, poſſeſſed of *two hundred and fifty thouſand pounds*, ſhould live for above 60 years in ſolitude, to avoid the expence of company!—ſhould deny himſelf almoſt *fire* and *candle!*—Should wear the *caſt-off cloathes* of his predeceſſor, and live in a houſe where the wind was entering at every broken caſement,

and

and the rain deſcending through the roof—voluntarily impoſing on himſelf a condition little better than the *pauper* of an alms-houſe!

To *this uncle*, and *this property*, Mr. Elwes ſucceeded, when he had advanced beyond the fortieth year of his age. And for fifteen years previous to this period, it was, that he was known in the faſhionable circles of London. He had always a turn for play, and it was only late in life, and from paying always, and not always *being paid*, that he conceived diſguſt at the inclination.

The *acquaintances* which he had formed at Weſtminſter School, and at Geneva, together with his own large fortune, all conſpired to introduce him into whatever ſociety he beſt liked. He was admitted a member of the club at Arthur's, and various other clubs of that period. And, as ſome proof of his notoriety at that time, as a man of deep play—Mr. Elwes, the late Lord Robert Bertie, and ſome others, are noticed in a ſcene in the *Adventures of a Guinea*, for the frequency of their *midnight orgies*. Few men, even from his own acknowledgment, had played deeper than himſelf: and with ſucceſs more various. I remember hearing him ſay, he had once played two days and a night without intermiſſion: and the room being a ſmall one, the party were nearly up to the knees in cards. He loſt

ſome

ſome thouſands at that ſitting. The late Duke of Northumberland was of the party—who never would quit a table where any hope of winning remained.

Had Mr. Elwes received all he won, he would have been the richer by ſome thouſands, for the mode in which he paſſed this part of his life: But the vowels of I. O. U. were then in uſe, and the ſums that were owed him, even by *very noble names*, were not liquidated. On this account he was a very great loſer by play; and though he never could, or perhaps would, aſcertain the ſum, I know from circumſtances ſince, that it was very conſiderable. The theory which he profeſſed, "*that it was impoſſible to aſk a gentleman for money*," he perfectly confirmed by the practice; and he never violated this feeling to the lateſt hour of his life.

On this ſubject, which regards the *manners* of Mr. Elwes, gladly I ſeize an opportunity to ſpeak of them with the praiſe that is their due. They were ſuch—ſo gentle, ſo attentive, ſo gentlemanly, and ſo engaging, that rudeneſs could not ruffle them, nor ſtrong ingratitude break their obſervance. He retained this peculiar feature of the *old court* to the laſt: but he had a praiſe far beyond this; he had the moſt gallant diſregard of his own perſon, and all care about himſelf, I ever witneſſed in man. The inſtances in

younger life, in the moſt imminent perſonal hazard, are innumerable: but when age had deſpoiled him of his activity, and might have rendered care and attention about himſelf natural, he knew not what they were. He wiſhed no one to aſſiſt him—"He was as young as ever—he could walk—he could ride, and he could dance; and he hoped he ſhould not give trouble, even when he was old."

He was, at that time, *ſeventy-five*.

As an illuſtration of this, an anecdote, however trivial, may be pardoned. He was at this time *ſeventy-three*, and he would walk out a ſhooting with me to ſee whether a pointer, I at that time valued much, was as good a dog as ſome he had had in the time of Sir Harvey. After walking for ſome hours, much unfatigued, he determined againſt the dog, but with all due ceremony. A gentleman who was out with us, and who was a very indifferent ſhot, by firing at random, lodged two pellets in the cheek of Mr. Elwes, who ſtood by me at the time. The blood appeared, and the ſhot certainly gave him pain; but when the gentleman came to make his apology and profeſs his ſorrow—"*My dear Sir*," ſaid the old man, "*I give you joy on your improvement—I knew you would hit ſomething by and by.*"

In this part of his character, nothing could be more pleaſant than was Mr. Elwes: it was the

pecuniary part, which ruined, as the *Dramatiſt* would ſay, " the ſtage effect of the whole thing."

Recurring, however, from this momentary digreſſion, to the ſubject which we left, (the *ſcenes of play* in which Mr. Elwes had been formerly engaged) it is curious to remark, how he then contrived to mingle ſmall attempts at ſaving, with objects of the moſt unbounded diſſipation. After ſitting up a whole night at play for thouſands, with the moſt faſhionable and profligate men of the time, amidſt ſplendid rooms, gilt ſophas, wax lights, and waiters attendant on his call, he would walk out about four in the morning, *not* towards home, but into Smithfield! to meet his own cattle, which were coming to market from Thaydon-hall, a farm of his in Eſſex. There would this ſame man, forgetful of the ſcenes he had juſt left, ſtand, in the cold or rain, bartering with a carcaſs butcher *for a ſhilling!* Sometimes when the cattle did not arrive at the hour he expected, he would walk on in the mire to meet them; and, more than once, has gone on foot the whole way to his farm without ſtopping, which was ſeventeen miles from London, after ſitting up the whole night.

Had every man been of the mind of Mr. Elwes, the *race* of innkeepers muſt have periſhed, and *poſtchaiſes* have been returned back to thoſe who made them; for it was the buſineſs of his life

to avoid both. He always travelled on horſe-back. To ſee him ſetting out on a journey was a matter truly curious; his firſt care was to put two or three eggs, boiled hard, into his great coat pocket, or any ſcraps of bread which he found—baggage he never took—then, mounting one of his hunters, his next attention was to get out of London, into that road where turnpikes were the feweſt. Then, ſtopping under any hedge where graſs preſented itſelf for his horſe, and a little water for himſelf, he would ſit down and refreſh himſelf and his horſe together. Here preſenting a new ſpecies of bramin, worth *five hundred thouſand pounds.*

The chief reſidence of Mr. Elwes, at this period of his life, was in Berkſhire, at his own ſeat at Marcham. Here it was he had two ſons born, who inherit the greateſt part of his property, by a will made about the year 1785. He failed not, however, at this time, to pay very frequent viſits to Sir Harvey, his uncle, and uſed to attend him in his daily amuſement of partridge ſetting. Mr. Elwes was then ſuppoſed to have ſome of the beſt ſetting dogs in the kingdom—their breed and colour were peculiar—they were of a *black tan*, and more reſembled a hound than a ſetter. As a proof of their ſtrength and ſpeed, Mr. Elwes once told me, that one of them, in following him to London, hunted all the fields adjoining the road—a diſtance of ſixty miles.

On

On the death of his uncle, Mr. Elwes then came to reſide at Stoke, in Suffolk. Bad as was the maſion-houſe he found here, he left one ſtill worſe behind him at Marcham, of which the late Colonel Timms, his nephew, uſed to mention the following proof. A few days after he went thither, a great quantity of rain fell in the night—he had not been long in bed before he felt himſelf wet through; and putting his hand out of the clothes, found the rain was dropping through the cieling upon the bed—he got up and moved the bed; but he had not lain long before he found the ſame inconvenience. Again he got up, and again the rain came down. At length, after puſhing the bed quite round the room, he got into a corner where the cieling was better ſecured, and he ſlept till morning. When he met his uncle at breakfaſt, he told him what had happened—"Aye! aye!" ſaid the old man, "*I "don't mind it myſelf; but to thoſe who do, that's "a* nice corner *in the rain!*"

On coming into Suffolk, it was that Mr. Elwes firſt began to keep fox-hounds; and his ſtable of hunters, at that time, was ſaid to be the beſt in the kingdom. Of the breed of his horſes he was ſure, becauſe he bred them himſelf; and, what never happens at preſent, they were not broke in till they were ſix years old.

The keeping fox-hounds was the only inſtance,

in

in the whole life of Mr. Elwes, of his ever ſacrificing money to pleaſure, and may be ſelected, as the only period when he forgot the cares, the perplexities, and the regret, which his wealth occaſioned. But even here every thing was done in the moſt frugal manner. Scrub in the Beaux Stratagem, when compared with Mr. Elwes' huntſman, had an idle life of it. This *famous huntſman* might have fixed an epoch in the *hiſtory of ſervants*; for, in a morning, getting up at four o'clock, he milked the cows—he then prepared breakfaſt for Mr. Elwes, or any friends he might have with him: then, ſlipping on a green coat, he hurried into the ſtable, ſaddled the horſes, got the hounds out of the kennel, and away they went into the field. After the fatigues of hunting, he *refreſhed* himſelf by rubbing down two or three horſes as quickly as he could; then running into the houſe to lay the cloth, and wait at dinner; then hurrying again into the ſtable to feed the horſes —diverſified with an *interlude* of the cows again to milk, the dogs to feed, and eight hunters to litter down for the night. What may appear extraordinary, the man lived for ſome years, though his maſter uſed often to call him "*an "idle dog!*" and ſay, "*he wanted to be paid for "doing nothing!*"

NUMBER

NUMBER IV.

IT has been remarked, that Mr. Elwes was one of the beſt gentlemen riders in the kingdom. Sir Sydney Meadows, who is *the law* upon this ſubject, always allowed it. His knowledge in horſes was in no way inferior; and, therefore, while he rode before the whole county of Suffolk, the horſes he rode were the admiration of every body. As no bad proof of this, he had offered him for one of his hunters the ſum of three hundred guineas, and for another two hundred and fifty; a ſum in thoſe days almoſt incredible, when a very good horſe might be bought for fifteen pounds.

To modern ſportſmen, accuſtomed to warm cloathing and hot ſtables, his manner of treating them may appear ſingular. As ſoon as they were perfectly dry after hunting, if the weather was clear, he always turned them out for two or three hours, let the cold be ever ſo intenſe. Thus they walked off the ſtiffneſs occaſioned by fatigue,

and

and preſerved their feet—and to this he attributed their being able to carry him when one of them was twenty-two years old.

To Mr. Elwes, an inn upon the road, and an apothecary's bill, were equal ſubjects of averſion. The words "*give*" and "*pay*," were not found in his vocabulary; and therefore when he once received a very dangerous kick from one of his horſes, who fell in going over a leap, nothing could perſuade him to have any aſſiſtance. He rode the chace through, with his leg cut to the bone; and it was only ſome days aſterwards, when it was feared an amputation would be neceſſary, that he conſented to go up to London, and, hard day! part with ſome money for advice.

No hounds were more killing ones than thoſe of Mr. Elwes. The *wits* of the country uſed to ſay, "it muſt be ſo, or they would get nothing to eat." In truth, it may be credited they lived but ſparingly; though ſcarcely will it be believed by the Meynells, the Cokes, and Pantons of the preſent day, that the whole fox-hunting eſtabliſhment of Mr. Elwes, huntſman, dogs, and horſes, did not coſt him three hundred pounds a year!

In the ſummer, they always paſſed their lives with the different tenants, where they had "more meat and leſs work;" and were collected together a few days before the ſeaſon began.

During this time, while he kept hounds, and which

which conſumed a period of nearly fourteen years, Mr. Elwes almoſt totally reſided at Stoke, in Suffolk. From thence he made frequent excurſions to Newmarket—but he never engaged on the turf.

A kindneſs, however, which he performed there, ſhould not paſs away without remembrance.

Lord Abingdon, who was ſlightly known to Mr. Elwes in Berkſhire, had made a match for ſeven thouſand pounds, which it was ſuppoſed he would be obliged to forfeit, from an inability to produce the ſum, though the odds were greatly in his favour. Unaſked, unſolicited, Mr. Elwes made him an offer of the money, which he accepted, and won his engagement. The generoſity of this act no one will deny; but it was the fate of Mr. Elwes to combine ſome great actions with a meanneſs ſo extraordinary, that he no longer appeared one and the ſame perſon.

The anecdote which accompanied it, I had not long ago from a clergyman, on whoſe authority I can place the moſt perfect reliance.

On the day when this match was to be run, he had agreed to accompany Mr. Elwes to ſee the fate of it. They were to go, as was the cuſtom of Mr. Elwes, on horſeback, and were to ſet out at ſeven in the morning. Imagining they were to breakfaſt at Newmarket, the gen-

tleman took no refreſhment, and away they went. They reached Newmarket about eleven, and Mr. Elwes began to buſy himſelf, in enquiries and converſation, till twelve, when the match was decided in favour of Lord Abingdon. He then thought they ſhould move off to the town, to take ſome breakfaſt; but old Elwes ſtill continued riding about, till three, and then four arrived. At which time the gentleman grew ſo impatient, that he mentioned ſomething of the *keen air* of *Newmarket Heath*, and the comforts of a good dinner—"*Very true*," ſaid old Elwes, "*very true—ſo here, do as I do!*"—offering him at the ſame time, from his great-coat pocket, a piece of an *old cruſhed pancake*, which, he ſaid, he had brought from his houſe at Marcham, two months before—but "*that it was as good as new.*"

The ſequel of the ſtory was, that they did not reach home till nine in the evening, when the gentleman was ſo tired, that he gave up all refreſhment but reſt! and old Elwes, having hazarded *ſeven thouſand pounds* in the morning, went happily to bed with the reflection—he had ſaved *three ſhillings!* Such were the extraordinary contradictions of this *extraordinary man!* But not amongſt ſtrangers alone, was money with him the deareſt object of his life. He had brought with him his two ſons out of Berkſhire,

and

and certainly if he liked any thing, it was theſe boys. But no money would he laviſh on their education; for he declared, that "putting things into people's heads, was the ſure way to take money out of their pockets."

From this mean, and almoſt ludicrous deſire of *ſaving*, no circumſtance of tenderneſs or affection—no ſentiment of ſorrow, or compaſſion, could turn him aſide. The more diminutive the object ſeemed, his attention grew the greater; and it appeared as if Providence had formed him, in a mould that was miraculous, purpoſely to exemplify that trite ſaying—"penny wiſe, and pound fooliſh."

That Mr. Elwes was not troubled with too much natural affection, the following little anecdote will teſtify. One day he had put his eldeſt boy upon a ladder, to get ſome grapes for the table, when, by the ladder ſlipping, he fell down, and hurt his ſide againſt the end of it. The boy had the precaution to go up into the village to the barber, and get blooded: on his return, he was aſked where he had been, and what was the matter with his arm? He told his father that he had got bled.—"Bled! Bled!" ſaid the old gentleman, "but what did you give?" —"A ſhilling," anſwered the boy:—"Pſha!" returned the father, "you are a blockhead! never *part* with *your blood!*

From the parſimonious manner in which Mr. Elwes now lived, for he was faſt following the footſteps of Sir Harvey, and from the two large fortunes of which he was in poſſeſſion—riches rolled in upon him like a torrent.—And had he been gifted with that clear and fertile head, which patient in accumulation, and fruitful in diſpoſition, knows how to employ as well as accumulate—which working from principal to intereſt—by compounding, forms a principal again—and makes money generate itſelf; had he poſſeſſed ſuch a head as this, his wealth would have exceeded all bounds. But Nature, which ſets limits to the ocean, forbade, perhaps, this monſtrous inundation of property: and as Mr. Elwes knew almoſt nothing of accounts, and never reduced his affairs to writing—he was obliged, in the diſpoſal of his money, to truſt much to memory—to the ſuggeſtions of other people ſtill more. Hence every perſon who had a *want* or a *ſcheme* with an apparent high intereſt—adventurer or honeſt it ſignified not—all was prey to him, and he ſwam about like the *enormous pike*, which, ever voracious and unſatiſfied, catches at every thing, till it is itſelf caught! —Hence are to be reckoned, viſions of diſtant property in America; phantoms of annuities on lives that could never pay; and bureaus filled with bonds of *promiſing* peers and members, long

long *diſmembered* of all property. I do not exaggerate when I ſay, I believe Mr. Elwes loſt in this manner, during his life, full *one hundred and fifty thouſand pounds!*

But perhaps in this ordination, Providence was all-wiſe. In the life of Mr. Elwes, the luxuriant ſources of induſtry or enjoyment all ſtood ſtill. He encouraged no art; he beſtowed not on any improvement; he diffuſed no bleſſings around him; and the diſtreſſed received nothing from his hand. What was got from him, was only obtained from his want of knowledge—by knowledge that was ſuperior; and knaves and ſharpers might have lived upon him, while poverty and honeſty would have ſtarved.

But not to the offers of *high intereſt* alone, were his ears open. The making him trifling preſents, or doing buſineſs for him for nothing—were little ſnug allurements, which in the hands of the needy, always drew him on to a loan of money. A ſmall wine merchant who had theſe views—begged his acceptance of ſome very *fine wine*, and in a ſhort time obtained the loan of ſome hundred pounds.

Old Elwes uſed ever after to ſay, "*It was, indeed, very fine wine, for it coſt him* 20*l. a bottle.*

Thus was there a reflux of ſome of that wealth, which he was gradually denying himſelf every comfort to amaſs. For in the penury of Mr. Elwes,

Elwes, there was ſomething that ſeemed like a judgment from heaven. All earthly comforts he voluntarily denied himſelf: he would walk home in the rain, in London, ſooner than pay a ſhilling for a coach: he would ſit in wet cloaths ſooner than have a fire to dry them: he would eat his proviſions in the laſt ſtage of putrefaction ſooner than have a freſh joint from the butchers: and he wore a wig for above a fortnight, which I ſaw him pick up out of a rut in a lane where we were riding. This was the laſt extremity of laudable œconomy; for, to all appearance, it was the caſt off wig of ſome beggar! —The day in which I firſt beheld him in this ornament, exceeded all power of farce, for he had torn a brown coat, which he generally wore, and had been obliged to have recourſe to the old cheſt of Sir Jervaiſe, from whence he had ſelected a full-dreſſed green velvet coat, with flaſh ſleeves; and there he ſat at dinner in boots, the aforeſaid green velvet, his own white hair appearing round his face, and this black ſtray wig at the top of all. A Captain Roberts, who was with us at the time, and who had a great reſpect for Mr. Elwes, was yet unable to ſit at dinner for laughing.

When this inordinate paſſion for *ſaving* did not interfere, there are, upon record, ſome kind offices, and very active ſervice, undertaken by

Mr.

Mr. Elwes. He would go far and long to ſerve thoſe who applied to him: and *give*—however ſtrange the word from him—would give himſelf great trouble to be of uſe. Theſe inſtances are gratifying to ſelect—it is plucking the ſweet briar and the roſe from the weeds that overſpread the garden.

When Mr. Elwes was at Marcham, two very ancient maiden ladies, in his neighbourhood, had, for ſome neglect, incurred the diſpleaſure of the ſpiritual court, and were threatened with immediate "*excommunication.*"—The whole import of the word they did not perfectly underſtand, but they had heard ſomething about ſtanding in a church and a penance, and their ideas immediately ran upon a *white ſheet.* They concluded, if they once got into that, it was all over with them; and as the excommunication was to take place the next day, away they hurried to Mr. Elwes, to know how they could make ſubmiſſion, and how the ſentence might be prevented. No time was to be loſt. Mr. Elwes did that which, fairly ſpeaking, not one man in five thouſand would have done; he had his horſe ſaddled, and putting, according to uſual cuſtom, a couple of hard eggs in his pocket, he ſat out for London that evening, and reached it early enough the next morning to notify the ſubmiſſion of the culprit damſels. Riding 60 miles in the night, to confer

confer a favour on two antiquated virgins, to whom he had no particular obligation, was really, what not one man in five thouſand would have done: but where perſonal fatigue could ſerve, Mr. Elwes never ſpared it.

The ladies were ſo overjoyed—ſo thankful: So much trouble and expence!—What returns could they make? To eaſe their conſciences on this head, an old Iriſh gentleman, their neighbour, who knew Mr. Elwes's mode of travelling, wrote theſe words—"My Dears, is it *expence* you are talking of? ſend him *ſix-pence*, and he gains *two-pence* by the journey."

NUMBER V.

THE *character* of an impartial and upright *country magiſtrate*, is the beſt character which the country knows. What a *lawgiver* is to a ſtate, and intelligent magiſtrate is, in a leſs degree, to the *diſtrict* where he reſides. Such a magiſtrate was Mr. Elwes, while he reſided in Berkſhire; and it was almoſt totally owing to this beſt of recommendations, that an offer was made to him afterwards, of bringing him in as repreſentative for the county.

The proſpect of a conteſted election, betwixt two moſt reſpectable families in Berkſhire, firſt ſuggeſted the idea of propoſing a *third perſon*, who might be unobjectionable to both parties. The *perſon thus* propoſed, was Mr. Elwes; and the county were obliged to *Lord Craven* for the propoſition.

It was at this period, that Mr. Elwes was paſſing, amongſt his horſes and his hounds, ſome rural accupations, and his country neighbours—

the happieſt hours of his life—hours which no future ſituation ever recalled—hours in which alone he ſtole from the perplexities which his wealth occaſioned him afterwards; and where he forgot, for a time, that ſtrange *anxiety* and *continued irritation* about his money—and that, which I know not how better to denominate than by calling it the, *inſanity of ſaving!*

But as his wealth was accumulating faſt, various were the people who were kind enough to make applications to employ it for him. Some, very obligingly, would trouble him with nothing more than their *ſimple bond*—others offered him a ſcheme of great advantage, with "a ſmall riſque and a certain profit," which as certainly turned out the reverſe—and others propoſed "tracts of lands in America, and plans that were ſure of ſucceſs." But amidſt theſe *kind offers*, the fruits of which Mr. Elwes long felt and had to lament, ſome pecuniary accommodations were not beſtowed amiſs, and enabled the borrowers to purſue *induſtry* into fortune, and form a ſettlement for life; and, it is to be mentioned, to the praiſe of Mr. Elwes, that in all the various ſums which he lent, in the courſe of a long life, not *one* uſurious contract or improper advantage taken, lives in the remembrance of any body.

This, in the conduct of a man living only to *amaſs* money, is peculiar praiſe; and while holding

holding the pen of a faithful biographer, I am forced to recount circumſtances I cannot commend—a moſt unpardonable omiſſion ſhould I eſteem it, were I to omit the record of an action, that in ſome meaſure ſhould ſhield this part of his character from reproach; which claims a merit, becauſe the reverſe might have been expected; and proves that his avarice conſiſted not in hard-heartedneſs, but in ſelf denial.

Mr. Elwes, from his father, Mr. Meggot, had inherited ſome property in houſes in London; particularly about the Haymarket, not far from which old Mr. Elwes drew his firſt breath—for, by his regiſter, it appears, he was born in St. James's pariſh. To this property he began now to add, by engagements with one of the Adams, about building, which he encreaſed from year to year to a very large extent. Great part of Marybone ſoon called him her founder. Portland-place and Portman-ſquare, the riding-houſes and ſtables of the ſecond troop of life guards, and buildings too numerous to name, all roſe out of his *pocket;* and had not Lord North and his American war kindly put a ſtop to this rage of raiſing houſes, much of the property he then poſſeſſed would have been laid out in bricks and mortar.

The extent of his property in houſes ſoon grew ſo great, that he became, from calculation,

his own inſurer; and he ſtood to all his loſſes by conflagrations. He ſoon, therefore, became a *philoſopher upon fire;* and I remember well, on a public-houſe, belonging to him, being conſumed, that he ſaid, with great compoſure—"Well, well, there is no great harm done; the *tenant* never paid me; and I ſhould not have got quit of him ſo quickly in any other way."

In poſſeſſions ſo large, of courſe it would happen that ſome of the houſes were without a tenant; and, therefore, it was the cuſtom of Mr. Elwes, whenever he went to London, to occupy any of theſe premiſes which might happen to be vacant. He had thus a new way of ſeeing London and its inhabitants—for he travelled in this manner from ſtreet to ſtreet; and whenever any body choſe to take the houſe where he was, he was always ready to move into any other. He was frequently an itinerant for a *night's lodging;* and though maſter of above a hundred houſes, he never wiſhed to reſt his head long in any he choſe to call his own. A couple of beds, a couple of chairs, a table, and an old woman, were all his furniture; and he moved them about at a minute's warning. Of all theſe moveables the old woman was the only one that gave him trouble, for ſhe was afflicted with a lameneſs that made it difficult to get her about quite ſo faſt as he choſe; and then the colds ſhe took

were

were amazing; for ſometimes ſhe was in a ſmall houſe in the Haymarket; at another in a great houſe in Portland-place; ſometimes in a little room and a coal fire; at other times with a few chips, which the carpenters had left, in rooms of moſt ſplendid, but frigid dimenſions, and with a little *oiled paper* in the windows for glaſs. In truth, ſhe perfectly realized the words of the Pſalmiſt—for, though the old woman might not be wicked, ſhe certainly was "here to-day, and gone to-morrow."

The ſcene which terminated the life of this old woman, is not the leaſt ſingular among the anecdotes that are recorded of Mr. Elwes. But it is too well authenticated to be doubted. I had the circumſtance related to me by the late Colonel Timms himſelf.

Mr. Elwes had come to town in his uſual way—and taken up his abode in one of his houſes that were empty. Colonel Timms, who wiſhed much to ſee him, by ſome accident was informed that his uncle was in London; but then how to find him was the difficulty. He enquired at all the uſual places where it was probable he might be heard of: he went to Mr. Hoare's, his banker—to the Mount Coffee-houſe—but no tidings were to be heard of him. Not many days afterwards, however, he learnt from a perſon whom he met accidentally, that they

they had ſeen Mr. Elwes going into an uninhabited houſe in Great Marlborough-ſtreet. This was ſome clue to Colonel Timms: and away he went thither. As the beſt mode of information, he got hold of a *chairman*—but no intelligence could he gain of a *gentleman* called Mr. Elwes. Colonel Timms then deſcribed his perſon—but *no gentleman* had been ſeen. A *pot-boy*, however, recollected that he had ſeen a poor old man opening the door of the ſtable, and locking it after him: and from every deſcription, it agreed with the perſon of old Mr. Elwes. Of courſe, Colonel Timms went to the houſe: he knocked very loudly at the door—but no one anſwered. Some of the neighbours ſaid they had ſeen ſuch a man, but no anſwer could be obtained from the houſe. On this added information, however, Colonel Timms reſolved to have the ſtable door opened, and a blackſmith was ſent for—and they entered the houſe together. In the lower parts of it—all was ſhut and ſilent. On aſcending the ſtair-caſe, however, they heard the moans of a perſon, ſeemingly in diſtreſs. They went to the chamber—and there, upon an old *pallet bed*, lay ſtretched out, ſeemingly in death, *the figure of* old Mr. Elwes. For ſome time he ſeemed inſenſible that any body was near him; but on ſome cordials being adminiſtered by a neighbouring apothecary, who was ſent for, he

recovered

recovered enough to ſay—"That he had, he believed, been ill for two or three days, and that there was an old woman in the houſe, but for ſome reaſon or other ſhe had not been near him. That ſhe had been ill herſelf; but that ſhe had got well, he ſuppoſed, and gone away."

On repairing to the garrets, they found the *old woman*—the companion of all his movements, and the partner of all his journeys—ſtretched out lifeleſs on a rug upon the floor.—To all appearance ſhe had been dead about two days.

Thus died the ſervant; and thus would have died, but for the providential diſcovery of him by Colonel Timms, old Mr. Elwes, her maſter! And let politicians hold forth, after this, on the bleſſings of a "*land of plenty.*" Let moraliſts reaſon on the proper uſes of wealth—and here ſhall they view an exiſting example which ſhall baffle all their theory. A *mother*, in Mrs. Meggot, who poſſeſſing *one hundred thouſand pounds*, ſtarved herſelf to death:—and her ſon, who certainly was then worth *half a million*, nearly dying in his own houſe for *want!*

With all his penury, Mr. Elwes was not a hard landlord, and his tenants lived eaſily under him. If they wanted any repairs, however, they were always at liberty to do it for themſelves; for what may be ſtyled the *comforts of a houſe*, were unknown to him. And what he allowed not

not to himſelf, it could ſcarcely be expected he would give to others.

Mr. Elwes had now reſided about thirteen years in Suffolk, when the conteſt for Berkſhire preſented itſelf on *the diſſolution of the parliament*: and when, to preſerve the peace of that county, *he* was nominated by Lord Craven.

Mr. Elwes, though he had retired from public buſineſs for ſome years, had ſtill left about him ſome of the ſeeds of more active life, and he agreed to the propoſal. It came farther enhanced to him, by the agreement, that he was to be brought in by the freeholders for nothing. I believe all he did was dining at the ordinary at Abingdon; and he got into parliament for *eighteen pence!*

On being elected member for Berkſhire, he left Suffolk, and went again to his ſeat at Marcham. His fox-hounds he carried along with him; but finding his time would, in all probability, be much employed, he reſolved to relinquiſh his hounds; asd they were ſhortly after given away to ſome farmers in that neighbourhood.

Though a *new man*, Mr. Elwes could not be called a *young member*, for he was at this time nearly ſixty years old, when he thus entered on public life. But he was in poſſeſſion of all his activity; and preparatory to his appearance on the

the boards of St. Stephen's Chapel, he uſed to attend conſtantly, during the races and other public meetings, all the great towns where his voters reſided. At the different aſſemblies he would dance amongſt the youngeſt to the laſt, after riding over on horſeback, and frequently in the rain, to the place of meeting.

A gentleman who was one night ſtanding by, obſerved on the extraordinary agility of ſo old a man.—"O! that is nothing," replied another, "for Mr. Elwes to do this, rode twenty miles in "the rain, with his ſhoes ſtuck into his boots, and "his bag-wig in his pocket."

NUMBER VI.

AT a period when men, in general, retire from public and fatiguing ſcenes, Mr. Elwes reſumed them: and became an unexperienced Member of Parliament, aged ſixty. However oppoſite the whole of his life hitherto might have been to any thing that had the appearance of *vanity*, yet I have the teſtimony of many members of the houſe of commons, to aſſure me, he was not a little vain of this ſituation. And the facility with which various *parliamentary gentlemen* perſuaded him, for a time, to confer certain obligations on them, is ſome evidence that he once thought very highly of the *honour of repreſentation.*

In three ſucceſſive parliaments, Mr. Elwes was choſen for Berkſhire: and he ſat as member of the houſe of commons about twelve years. It is to his honour—an honour in theſe times, indeed, moſt rare! that in every part of his conduct, and in every vote he gave, he proved himſelf

ſelf to be what he truly was—an *independent* country gentleman. The character which Mr. Elwes ſupported in parliament, has been imitated but by few, and excelled by none. For wiſhing for no poſt, deſirous of no rank, wanting no emolument, and being moſt perfectly conſcientious, he ſtood aloof from all thoſe temptations which have led many good men aſtray from the paths of honour. All that a miniſter could have offered to Mr. Elwes would have been of no avail: for poſts or dignity would only have embaraſſed him, by taking him away from the *privacy* he loved. As an inſtance of this, he was unhappy for ſome days on hearing that Lord North intended to apply to the King to make him a peer. I really believe, had ſuch an honour fallen unexpectedly upon his head, it would have been the death of him. He never would have ſurvived the being obliged to keep a carriage, and three or four ſervants—all, perhaps, better dreſſed than himſelf!

For through every period of his life it was a prevalent feature in his character to be thought *poor*: that he could not afford to live as other people did: and that the reports of his being rich, were entirely erroneous.

To theſe ideas he thought he gave ſtrength, by having no ſervants, nor any of the "outward and viſible ſigns" of wealth: and he had per-

ſuaded himſelf, that the public would really think he had *no money*, becauſe he made no uſe of any.

Mr. Elwes was firſt choſen to repreſent the county of Berks, in the year 1774—and he was brought in, in the way he beſt liked—at no expence. His brother member was Chriſtopher Griffith, Eſq. who died in the year 1776, and he was ſucceeded by Whinchcomb Henry Hartley, Eſq. who was re-elected with Mr. Elwes, at the general election, in the year 1780.

When Mr. Elwes firſt took his ſeat, the oppoſition of that time, headed by Mr. Fox, had great hopes that he would be of their party. Mr. Fox had that knowledge of him, which has joined many to his politics. He had ſeen him at Newmarket, and knew that he was fond of *play*; and talked to him with that frankneſs, which, from great abilities and high political ſituation, is, and always muſt be, conciliating. Theſe hopes, however, were diſappointed, in Mr. Elwes immediately joining the party of Lord North—and however it may now ſound, it ſhould be ſaid, that let the public opinion of Lord North be now what it may, yet I am convinced, Mr. Elwes had no other motive for that union, than a fair and honeſt belief that the meaſures of Lord North were right. But Mr. Elwes never was of that decided and certain caſt of men, that ſuch a miniſter would beſt approve. He would

would frequently diſſent, and really vote as his conſcience led him. Hence, many members of oppoſition, looked upon him as a man "off and on;" or, as they ſtyled him a "*parliamentry coquette*:" and it is ſomewhat remarkable, that both parties were equally fond of having him as a nominee on their conteſted elections; frequently he was the chairman; and he was remarkable for the patience with which he always heard the counſel. In the longeſt committees, he ſeldom interrupted their harangues; and thoſe gentlemen at the bar, who have moſt frequently put this virtue to the teſt, will remember his patience with gratitude. Of this great quality, to get through life, few men, if any, have poſſeſſed a larger ſhare: though in ſtrict regard to truth, it may be added, he never had the good fortune to hear for one day——the *trial of Mr. Haſtings*.

The *honour* of parliament made no alteration in the dreſs of Mr. Elwes: on the contrary, it ſeemed, at this time, to have attained additional meanneſs—and nearly to have reached that happy climax of poverty, which has, more than once, drawn on him the compaſſion of thoſe who paſſed by him in the ſtreet.

For the Speaker's dinners, however, he had one ſuit—with which the Speaker, in the courſe of the ſeſſions, became very familiar. The mi-

niſter

niſter, likewiſe, was well acquainted with it—and at any dinner of oppoſition, ſtill was his apparel the ſame. The wits of the minority uſed to ſay, "that they had full as much reaſon as the miniſter, to be ſatisfied with Mr. Elwes—as he had the *ſame habit* with every body."

At this period of his life Mr. Elwes wore a wig.—Much about that time when his parliamentary life ceaſed, that wig was worn out—ſo then, being older and wiſer as to expence, he wore his own hair—which, like his expences, was very ſmall.

Shortly after Mr. Elwes firſt came into parliament, he went to reſide with his nephew, Colonel Timms, who then had a houſe in Scotland-yard. Of this nephew old Mr. Elwes was certainly very regardful, and indeed he had every cauſe to be ſo.—Thoſe who had the honour of Colonel Timms's acquaintance while living, will not forget him now he is no more. The corps in which he ſerved remember him with regret; and the gentlemen of Suffolk, who were acquainted with him, looked forward, not without ſatisfaction, to a period when they imagined he would poſſeſs the property of Mr. Elwes—when he would reſide amongſt them—and when he would diffuſe around the country thoſe bleſſings which great property can confer, when it is uſed liberally! ſuch bleſſings as ſpring from employing, improving,

improving, and civilizing the inhabitants of a country—ſuch bleſſings as ariſe from the gracious purpoſes of hoſpitality and good neighbourhood, and ſtill more gracious purpoſes of relieving the diſtreſſed.

Riches, thus employed, no perſon under Mr. Elwes had ever ſeen. Had Colonel Timms ſurvived, I have no doubt ſuch proſpects would have been realized: an untimely death, however, cut off theſe hopes. The entailed eſtate which would have fallen to Colonel Timms, his ſon will inherit; and, I doubt not, will find out, as the beſt part of his inheritance, the way to make the loſs of a good father felt leſs ſeverely.

Old Mr. Elwes ſtill went on in his ſupport of Lord North, and the madneſs of his American war, conducted as he conducted it, till the country grew tired of his adminiſtration. But the ſupport given by Mr. Elwes was of the moſt diſintereſted kind, for no man was more materially a ſufferer. The great property which he had in houſes, and thoſe chiefly amongſt the new buildings of Marybone, was much injured by the continuance of the war; and as no ſmall proof of it, he had juſt then ſupplied the money to build a creſcent at the end of Quebec-ſtreet, Portman-ſquare, where he expended certainly not leſs than ſeven or eight thouſand pounds, and which, from the want of inhabitants at that time,

time, was never finiſhed. It has ſince fallen to Mr. Baker, the ground landlord, who will, doubtleſs, make the money which Mr. Elwes loſt.

Convinced at length, of the ill conduct of Lord North, Mr. Elwes entered into a regular and ſyſtematic oppoſition to his meaſures, with the party of Mr. Fox, in which he continued till Lord North was driven from power, in March 1782. While the party were exulting in the ſcramble for places, and the diviſion of the loaves and fiſhes—Mr. Elwes, with nothing to hope and nothing to fear, ſtood by, with that honeſt indifference which characteriſes a man who looks not to men but to meaſures, and who votes only as his conſcience bids him.

The debates at this period were very long and intereſting, and generally continued till a late hour in the morning. Mr. Elwes who never left any company, public or private, the firſt, always ſtayed out the whole debate. After the diviſion, Mr. Elwes, without a great-coat, would immediately go out of the Houſe of Commons into the cold air, and, merely to ſave the expence of a hackney coach, walk to the Mount Coffee-houſe. Sir Joſeph Mawbey, and Mr. Wood of Lyttleton, who went the ſame way as Mr. Elwes did, often propoſed a hackney-coach to him, but the reply always was "he liked nothing ſo much as walking." However, when

their

their hackney-coach uſed to overtake him, he had no objection to coming in to them; knowing that they muſt pay the fare. This circumſtance happened ſo often, that they uſed to ſmile at this act of ſmall cunning, and indulge him in it.

But as the ſatisfaction of being conveyed home for nothing did not always happen, on thoſe nights when it did not, Mr. Elwes invariably continued his plan of walking. A circumſtance happened to him on one of theſe evenings, which gave him a whimſical opportunity of diſplaying that diſregard of his own perſon which I have before noticed. The night was very dark, and hurrying along, he went with ſuch violence againſt the pole of a ſedan chair, which he did not ſee, that he cut both his legs very deeply. As uſual, he thought not of any aſſiſtance: but Colonel Timms, at whoſe houſe he then was, in Orchard-ſtreet, inſiſted upon ſome one being ſent for. Old Elwes at length ſubmitted, and an apothecary was called in, who immediately began to expatiate on "the bad conſequences of breaking the ſkin—the good fortune of his being ſent for—and the peculiar bad appearance of Mr. Elwes's wound." "Very probably," ſaid old Elwes, "but Mr. ——, I have one thing to ſay to you—in my opinion my legs are not much hurt; now you think they

are—ſo I will make this agreement: I will take *one* leg, and you ſhall take the *other*; you ſhall do what you pleaſe with your's, and I will do nothing to mine; and I will wager your bill that *my leg* gets well the firſt."

I have frequently heard him mention, with great triumph, that he *beat* the apothecary by a *fortnight!*

All this time the income of Mr. Elwes was increaſing hourly, and his preſent expenditure was next to nothing; for the little pleaſures he had once engaged in, he had now given up. He kept no houſe, and only one old ſervant and a couple of horſes; he reſided with his nephew; his two ſons he had ſtationed in Suffolk and Berkſhire, to look after his reſpective eſtates; and his dreſs certainly was no expence to him; for, had not other people been more careful than himſelf, he would not have had it even mended.

When he left London he went on horſeback to his country ſeats, with his couple of *hard eggs*, and without once ſtopping upon the road at any houſe. He always took the moſt unfrequented road—but Marcham was the ſeat he now chiefly viſited; which had ſome reaſon to be flattered with the preference, as his journey into Suffolk coſt him only *two pence halfpenny*, while that into Berkſhire amounted to *four pence!*

NUMBER VII.

WHEN Mr. Elwes thought he had got into the Houſe of Commons for nothing, he had not taken into the account the *inſide* of the houſe—the *outſide* only had entered into his calculation. In a ſhort time, therefore, he found out, that members of parliament could want money, and he had the misfortune to know *one member* who was inclined to lend them. Perhaps a fate ordained this retribution, and deſigned that *thus only*, ſome of the enormous wealth of Mr. Elwes ſhould eſcape from his graſp. Be this as it may, there does however exiſt a *pile of bad debts* and *uncancelled bonds*, which, could they be laid on the table of the Houſe of Commons, would ſtrike dumb ſome orators on both ſides of the Houſe.

In the ſurvey of theſe *monied memorials* it would ſeem as if ſome members had thought they were only franking a letter, or conſidered theſe bonds as a cover to *go free*.

Time, which conquers all things, conquered this paſſion of lending in Mr. Elwes; and an unfortunate propoſal which was made him of veſting *twenty five thouſand pounds* in ſome *iron-works* in America, gave, at laſt, a fatal blow to his various ſpeculations. The plan had been ſo plauſibly laid before him, that he had not a doubt of its ſucceſs; but he had the diſappointment never to hear more either of his *iron*, or his *gold*.

From this period he began to think that the funds were full as ſafe as iron-works, or members of parliament; and from that time he veſted his money in thoſe ſecurities.

I have heard him ſay, that three conteſted elections would not have coſt him more than he loſt by his brother repreſentatives. In the year 1780, another member threatened him with a calamity not leſs likely to be afflictive. His neighbour, at that time, in Welbeck-ſtreet, Lord George Gordon, gave him a proſpect of diminiſhing his income upon houſes—and as Mr. Elwes was his own inſurer, he paſſed his time very pleaſantly during the fires. On a houſe adjoining to that where Mr. Elwes lived, being ſet on fire, Lord George Gordon offered, very civilly, to take the furniture of Mr. Elwes into his own houſe, by way of ſecuring it. But Mr. Elwes full as civilly replied—"He was much

obliged

obliged to his Lordſhip, but if he would give him leave, he would take his chance!"

On the diſmiſſion of Lord North, Mr. Elwes was left in the party of Mr. Fox—though he could not properly be ſaid to belong to any ſet of men, for he had the very ſingular quality of not determining how he ſhould vote, before he heard what was ſaid on the ſubject. On this account he was not reckoned an acquiſition by either ſide; and, it is but juſtice to ſay, he was perfectly indifferent to the opinions of both.

When the Marquis of Lanſdowne came into power, Mr. Elwes was found ſupporting, for a time, his adminiſtration—and his Lordſhip will underſtand me, when I ſay—Mr. Elwes had his reaſons to be ſatisfied with the peace; for *he ſaw, what he might not otherwiſe have ſeen.*

Not long after this, Mr. Elwes followed his conſcience upon a queſtion, and voted with Mr. Fox, againſt the Marquis of Lanſdowne, and thus added another confirmation to the political opinion that was held of him—"That no *man*, or *party of men*, could be ſure of him."

This was frequently the declaration of Sir Edward Aſtley, Sir George Saville, Mr. Powis, and Mr. Marſham, who all, and frequently, talked to him on his whimſical verſatility. But it will, undoubtedly, admit a queſtion, even in politics, how far a man, thus voting on all ſides,

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as his opinion led him at the moment, be or be not a deſirable man, in aiding the good government of a country?

Mr. Elwes having thus voted againſt the Marquis of Lanſdowne, as a miniſter, went forward to aſſiſt, with his vote, the *greateſt monſter in politics* that ever diſgraced any country ſince the beginning of time!—can any one have a doubt but I mean the *coalition?* an union ſo vulgarly atrocious—ſo contradictory to all the parties themſelves had been ſaying but a few days before—and demonſtrating, ſo plainly, the contempt in which they held all the *common ſenſe* of the country, that, though I have talked with Mr. Elwes frequently upon the ſubject, I never could really learn why he ſupported it.

When he had quitted parliament no man more reprobated this meaſure than he did: but I really believe, he thought at the time, that Mr. Fox and Lord North were the only men able to govern the affairs of England. For had Mr. Pitt been then known to the world, the opinions of Mr. Elwes, as a man careful of large property, had been decided in his favour; for he has frequently declared to me ſince, and the declaration is curious and worth recording, becauſe it is in the character of the man, and was in the outſet of Mr. Pitt's political life:—"That after the experience he had had of *public ſpeak-*

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ers and *members of parliament*, there was only one *man*, he thought could now talk him out of his money, and that was *young Pitt!*"

With this coalition, ended the parliamentary life of Mr. Elwes, who had continued firm in his ſupport of it, and which was almoſt the only line of conduct he ever did ſupport in parliament for any length of time. The character, however, which Mr. Elwes had long borne in Berkſhire for integrity, might have made a re-election not improbable, notwithſtanding the rage which had gone forth againſt all the abettors of the coalition and its principles. But here the private principles of Mr. Elwes ſtepped in, and prevented all thoughts of a conteſted election. Such a thing would have been ſo contrary to the ſaving features and very countenance of his character, that he would have died at the firſt election dinner. The uſual parade of colours and cockades would have been to him a *death-warrant*, and open houſes at his expence, *immediate execution.*

Thus, voluntary, and without offer of reſiſtance, he retired from parliamentary life, and even took no leave of his conſtituents by an advertiſement. But though Mr. Elwes was now no longer a member of the Houſe of Commons, yet, not with the venal herd of expectant placemen and penſioners, whoſe eye too often views the

the Houſe of Commons as another Royal Exchange, did Mr. Elwes retire into private life. No: He had fairly and honorably, attentively and long, done his duty there, and he had ſo done it without "fee or reward." I ſay but what I ought: I write only that which I am in duty bound to write—when I here ſet down, That a more faithful, a more induſtrious, or a more incorruptible Repreſentative of a County, never entered the doors of the Houſe of Commons of England. In all his parliamentary life, he never aſked or received a ſingle favor: and I believe he never gave a vote, but he could ſolemnly have laid his hand upon his breaſt, and ſaid, "*So help me God! I believe I am doing what is for the beſt!*"

Thus, duly honoured, ſhall the memory of a good man go to his grave: for while it may be the painful duty of the hiſtorian to preſent to the public, the pitiable follies which may deform a character, but which muſt be given to render perfect the reſemblance—on thoſe beauties which riſe from the bad parts of the picture, who ſhall ſay, it is not a duty to expatiate?

The *model* which Mr. Elwes left to future members, may, perhaps, be looked on rather as a work to wonder at, than to follow. The Conſtituent becoming corrupt, renders the Repreſentative ſo of courſe. Where people will ſell, buyers

buyers only can have goods; and the people will have themſelves only to blame, when what is bought, is again ſold.

Mr. Elwes came into parliament *without expence*, and he performed his duty as a member would have done in the pure days of our Conſtitution. What he had not bought he never attempted to ſell—and he went forward in that ſtraight and direct path, which can alone ſatisfy a reflecting mind.

In one word, Mr. Elwes as a public man, voted and acted in the Houſe of Commons as a man would do, who felt there were people to *live after him.* Who wiſhed to deliver *unmortgaged* to his children, the *public eſtate of government*, and who felt, that if he ſuffered himſelf to become a *penſioner* on it, he thus far embaraſſed his poſterity, and injured the *inheritance.*

Mentioning to me ſome years after his retirement, his opinions of Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt, he had this ſentiment, always keeping true to the *gold-colour* of his character—"when I *ſtarted* in parliament, Mr. Pitt had not come into public life: but I am convinced he is the *miniſter* for the property of the country. In all he ſays, there is *pounds, ſhillings*, and *pence.*"

Mr. Elwes, even in his ſupport of the Coalition, chiefly attached himſelf to the men of *private good character* in the party. Hence, the

Duke of Portland, Lord John Cavendiſh, were always favourites with him—and I have often heard him ſay, what to *ſome* may appear ſingular, "that there was not a *better man of buſineſs* in the whole houſe than Mr. Sheridan."

The late Mr. Byng uſed frequently to defend the principles of the *Coalition* to Mr. Elwes. "Say it was convenient," replied Mr. Elwes, "and you expreſs the cauſe better."

He was much pleaſed once with a remark made by Sir Joſeph Mawbey, who together with Sir George Saville, were talking on that *notorious act* of union betwixt Lord North and Mr. Fox. Sir George confeſſed frankly, it was *expedient;* for the friends of Lord North were ſo numerous, that Mr. Fox and his party could not go on without them. "Very true," replied Sir Joſeph Mawbey, "that may be; but there is a difference betwixt *getting in* and *ſtaying in:* —to preſerve your place, you muſt preſerve your character."

I have heard Mr. Elwes ſay, this was one of the remarks on the ſubject which he never forgot afterwards. And the propriety of the obſervation was fully juſtified by the event—for Mr. Fox has been ruined by the deed: and Lord North ſaved nothing by it—but an *impeachment.*

By ſome it was ſuſpected, that the Duke of Portland

Portland had promiſed to do ſomething for the younger ſon of Mr. Elwes, who was then a cornet in the ſecond troop of horſe guards. But I can ſafely clear him from this imputed attention to his ſon. There was nothing he thought leſs about, than a public life for him. He was againſt his ever purchaſing into the guards—and only wiſhed him to remain quietly a kind of ſteward for him in the country. Nay, ſo ſtrong was his averſion to the act—that when this ſon, the preſent John Elwes, Eſq. was firſt introduced to the corps, and when Lord Robert Bertie who was then colonel, finding he was about to have the ſon of his former friend under him, deſired to ſee Mr. Elwes—it was with the greateſt difficulty he could be brought to the interview.—Not all the ſcenes of former aſſociation, where they had ſo often met together, when the heart is young, and the imagination runs wild:—when even diſſipation affords more laſting cauſe for remembrance, and life is renewed again by memory—not all theſe could bring Mr. Elwes to an interview with any pleaſure. The truth was, that in the actual poſſeſſion of perhaps ſeven hundred thouſand pounds, he was now living upon fifty pounds a year, and he did not wiſh his ſon to know he had lived otherwiſe.

NUMBER VIII.

THE national rage to ſee Mr. Pitt reſcue this country from the odium that had attended it under Lord North and Mr. Fox, turned out Mr. Hartley as well as Mr. Elwes, from the repreſentation of Berkſhire. Mr. Hartley reſigned his hopes not without reluctance; Mr. Elwes was terrified at once by the expence; and I am perſuaded, if *giving one dinner* could have brought him in a ſecond time, he would with all ceremony have begged to be excuſed. This unfortunate parſimony was certainly the chief cauſe of his quitting parliament; for ſuch was the opinion his conſtituents entertained of his integrity, that a very ſmall expence would again have reſtored him to his ſeat.

Nearly at the ſame time that Mr. Elwes loſt his ſeat, he loſt *that famous ſervant* "of all work" —compared to whom, Scrub was indolence itſelf. He died, as he was following his maſter, upon a hard trotting horſe, into Berkſhire, and he died empty

empty and poor; for his yearly wages were not above four pounds; and he had faſted the whole day on which he expired. The life of this extraordinary domeſtic, certainly verified a ſaying which Mr. Elwes often uſed, and the ſaying was this—"If you keep *one ſervant*, your work is done; if you keep *two*, it is half done; but if you keep *three*, you may do it yourſelf." That there were very few kinds of work which this ſervant could not do, may be eſtimated by what he did: but that his knowledge of how ſome things were done, was not very extenſive, may be taken from the following circumſtance.

When the Lower Houſe carried up their addreſs to the King, on the ſubject of the American war, old Thomas (for that was the name of the fellow) who had never ſeen his maſter do any thing but ride on his moſt important occaſions, imagined he was to ride up to his Majeſty at St. James's, and ſpeak to him on horſeback. Accordingly he cleaned up the old ſaddles, gave the horſes a feed of corn at his own expence, and at his own expence too had a piece of *new riband* in front, put upon one of the bridles; and all this, that his maſter might do things handſomely, and like a "*parliament man!*" But when he found out how his maſter was to go; ſaw the carriage of Colonel Timms at the door, who by borrowing for Mr. Elwes a bag-wig, lending

lending him a ſhirt with laced ruffles, and new furbiſhing his *everlaſting coat*, had made him look very differently from what he uſually did; and in truth, much *like a gentleman*, old Thomas, returning all his own zeal and finery back into the ſtables, obſerved, with regret, that "mayhap, his maſter might look a *bit* of a *gentleman* —but he was ſo altered, nobody would know him."

During that very gallant ſtand which Mr. Pitt made with the Houſe of Commons formed by another miniſter, and in which the rectitude of his conduct at length ſubdued all that friendſhip, or even dependance on others, could do againſt him, during this conflict, Mr. Elwes voted occaſionally on each ſide; and he ſometimes voted in a way, of which he afterwards ſaw the error. As an inſtance of this, he ſupported the India bill of Mr. Fox, and in a very ſhort time afterwards he confeſſed he had been much deceived in the principles of that bill, and recanted his former opinion of it. Such accidents will not happen to thoſe gentlemen who have *epitomized* parliamentary opinions upon every ſubject, and who might wiſh to vote firſt, and then hear what is ſaid afterwards; but it may happen to that *conſcientious repreſentative*, who too haſtily may give his aſſent at the time, and when he better underſtood the ſubject, hold a very different opinion.

opinion. In this number Mr. Elwes was always to be reckoned.

Amongſt the ſmaller memorials of the parliamentary life of Mr. Elwes, may be noted, that he did not follow the cuſtom of members in general, by ſitting on any particular ſide of the houſe, but ſat, as occaſion preſented itſelf, on either, indiſcriminately—and he voted much in the ſame manner.

During the whole time he was in the Houſe of Commons, he never once roſe to *ſpeak*, or delivered his ſentiments further than by his vote.

In his attendance at the Houſe, he was always early and late; and he never left it for dinner, as he had accuſtomed himſelf to faſting, ſometimes for twenty-four hours in continuance.

When Mr. Elwes retired from Parliament, no man ever retired from the Houſe of Commons, leaving it more loaded with obligations than he did; and they were obligations that were never cancelled. If I might judge from the *multitude of bonds* I have ſeen, I ſhould be led to think ſome members imagined he was a *great public money lender*, appointed by *government*, to come down into the Houſe of Commons, and "oblige the gentlemen," who might be in want of his aid.

When application was afterwards made for the payment of them—on moving that queſtion, Mr.

Mr. Elwes ſtood as *ſingle* as did the reſpected Mr. Strutt, member for Malden, on the ſubject of Admiral Keppel. Not a member ſaid "*Aye!*" and Mr. Elwes died poſſeſſed of proofs moſt undeniable, that, ſomehow or other, every man muſt pay for coming into *parliament.*

In theſe ſpeculations, upon *lending money*, Mr. Elwes was, at one time moſt unbounded; but the temptation of one *per cent.* more than the funds, or landed property would give, was irreſiſtable. But amongſt the ſums he thus veſted in other people's hands, ſome *ſtray*, *forlorn* inſtances of feeling may be remembered; of which the following is an inſtance:—When his ſon was in the guards, he was frequently in the habit of dining at the officers' table there. The politeneſs of his manners rendered him agreeable to every one, and in time he became acquainted with every officer in the corps; amongſt the reſt, with a gentleman of the name of Tempeſt, whoſe good humour was almoſt proverbial. A vacancy happening in a *majority*, it fell to this gentleman to purchaſe; but as money is not always to be got upon landed property *immediately*, it was imainged ſome officer would have been obliged to purchaſe over his head. Old Mr. Elwes heard of the circumſtance, and ſent him the money next morning. He aſked no ſecurity—he had ſeen Captain Tempeſt, and liked his manners;

manners; and he never once afterwards talked to him about the payment of it. On the death of Captain Tempeſt, which happened ſhortly after, the money was replaced. That Mr. Elwes was no loſer by the event, does not take away from the merit of the deed; and it ſtands amongſt thoſe ſingular records of his character, that reaſon has to reconcile or philoſopy to account for, that the ſame man at one and the ſame moment, could be prodigal of thouſands, and yet almoſt deny to himſelf *the neceſſaries of life!*

An anecdote, exemplifying the truth of this, I will add at this moment. It comes to me on the very reſpected authority of Mr. Spurling, of Dynes Hall, a very active and intelligent magiſtrate for the county of Eſſex. It ſeems Mr. Elwes had requeſted Mr. Spurling to accompany him to Newmarket. It was a day in one of the ſpring meetings, which was remarkably filled with races; and they were out from ſix in the morning till eight o'clock in the evening, before they again ſet out for home. Mr. Elwes, in the uſual way, would eat nothing; but Mr. Spurling was ſomewhat wiſer, and went down to Newmarket. When they began their journey home, the evening was grown very dark and cold, and Mr. Spurling rode on ſomewhat quicker; but on going through the turnpike by the

Devil's Ditch, he heard Mr. Elwes calling to him with great eagerneſs. On returning before he had paid, Mr. Elwes ſaid—"Here! here! follow me! this is the beſt road!" In an inſtant he ſaw Mr. Elwes, as well as the night would permit, climbing his horſe up the precipice of the ditch. "Sir," ſaid Mr. Spurling, "I can never get up there." "No danger at all!" replied old Elwes; "but if your horſe be not ſafe, lead him!" At length with great difficulty, and with one of the horſes falling, they mounted the ditch, and then, with not leſs toil, got down on the other ſide. When they were ſafe landed on the plain, Mr. Spurling thanked Heaven for their eſcape. "Aye," ſaid old Elwes, "you mean from the *turnpike*." Very right; never *pay* a *turnpike* if you can avoid it!" In proceeding on their journey, they came to a very narrow road; at which Mr. Elwes, notwithſtanding the cold, went as ſlowly as poſſible. On Mr. Spurling wiſhing to quicken their pace, old Elwes obſerved that he was letting his horſe feed on ſome hay that was hanging on the ſides of the hedge—"Beſides," added he, "it is nice hay, and you have it for *nothing*."

Theſe *pleaſant acts*, of endangering his neck to ſave the payment of a turnpike, and ſtarving his horſe for a halfpenny-worth of *hay*, happened, from the date of them, at the time he was riſk-

ing

ing the ſum of *twenty-five thouſand pounds* on ſome iron works acroſs the Atlantic Ocean, and of which he knew nothing, either as to produce, proſpect or ſituation!

Strange man! whoſe penury and prodigality, whoſe profuſion and meanneſs, all ſo mixed together, puzzle me ſtill more and more, as I detail them to the public!

When Mr. Elwes quitted *Parliament*, he was, in the common phraſe, "a fiſh out of water!" Indeed, there is no trial more arduous than that of acquiring, at an advanced age, new modes of life. To form new ſocieties, and conciliate new friends, new ſpirits, alas! are wanting. The ſtyle of Mr. Elwes's life had left him no domeſtic ſcenes to which he could retire—his home was dreary and poor—his rooms received no chearfulneſs from fire; and while the outſide had all the appearance of a "Houſe to be Let," the inſide was a deſert; but he had his *penury* alone to thank for this, and for the want of all the little conſolations which ſhould attend old age, and ſmooth the paſſage of declining life.

When he retired from Parliament, Mr. Elwes, as I apprehend, was nearly ſeventy-five years of age; and the expenditure of a few hundred pounds would certainly have continued him in the ſituation he loved, where he was reſpected, and had due honour; where he was amongſt his friends;

and where long habit had made every thing congenial to him. All this he gave up to his love of *money*. That paſſion, which, conſuming all before it, as it hurried him along the few remaining years of his life, at length carried him to his grave twenty years ſooner than the muſcular vigour of his body might have given reaſon to expect; for when Doctor Wall, his laſt phyſician, was called in, and viewed him extended on that *ſqualled bed of poverty*, from which he would not be relieved, he ſaid to one of his ſons, "Sir, your father might have lived theſe twenty years; but the irritations of his temper have made it impoſſible to hope for any thing; the body is yet ſtrong, but the mind is gone entirely!"

The *ſcenes* that now wait upon my hand, for the few years before his death, will exhibit a ſtory of *penurious denial* that never have fallen to my ſhare to find a parallel. In the wonder which they have yet left upon my mind, I can only ſay, "*they are true.*"

NUMBER

NUMBER IX.

MR. Elwes had, for ſome years, been a member of a card club at the Mount Coffee-houſe; and, by a conſtant attendance on this meeting, he, for a time, conſoled himſelf for the loſs of parliament. The play was moderate, and he had an opportunity of meeting many of his old acquaintances in the Houſe of Commons; and he experienced a pleaſure, which, however trivial it may appear, was not leſs ſatisfactory—that of enjoying *fire* and *candle* at a general expence.

For however rejectful Mr. Elwes appeared of "the good things of this life," when they were to come out of his own pocket—he by no means acted in the ſame manner when thoſe ſame things were at the expence of any other perſon. He had an admirable taſte in French diſhes, at the table of another—No man had more judgment in French wines, when they did not come from his own wine-merchant—and "he was very nice

nice in his appetite," on the day he dined from home.

Much, therefore, of his time Mr. Elwes paſſed in the Mount Coffee-houſe. But fortune ſeemed reſolved, on ſome occaſions, to diſappoint his hopes, and to *force away* that money from him which no power could perſuade him to *beſtow*. He ſtill retained ſome fondneſs for play, and imagined he had no ſmall ſkill at picquet. It was his ill luck, however, to meet with a gentleman who thought the ſame, and on much better grounds, for after a conteſt of two days and a night, in which Mr. Elwes continued with a perſeverance which avarice will inſpire, he roſe a loſer of a ſum which he always endeavoured to conceal—though I have ſome reaſon to think it was not leſs than *three thouſand pounds*. Some part of it was paid by a large draft on Meſſrs. Hoares, and was received very early the next morning. This was the laſt folly, of the kind, of which Mr. Elwes was ever guilty; and it is but juſtice to the members of the club, to ſay, that they ever after endeavoured to diſcourage any wiſh to play with him. Thus, while by every art of human mortification he was ſaving *ſhillings* and *ſixpences*, he would kick down in one moment the heap he had raiſed. Though yet was the benefit of this conſideration all thrown away

away upon him, for his maxim always was—and it was ſo agreeable, that he has repeated it to me at leaſt a hundred times—" That all great *fortunes* were made *by ſaving:* for of that a man could be ſure."

At the cloſe of the ſpring of 1785, he wiſhed again to viſit, which he had not done for ſome years, his ſeat at Stoke. But then the journey was a moſt ſerious object to him. The famous old ſervant was dead; all the horſes that remained with him were a couple of worn-out brood mares; and he himſelf was not in that vigour of body, in which he could ride ſixty or ſeventy miles on the ſuſtenance of *two boiled eggs.* The mention of a poſt-chaiſe would have been a crime,—" *He* afford a *poſt-chaiſe,* indeed! where was *he* to get the money!" would have been his exclamation.

At length he was carried into the country, as he was carried into parliament, free of expence, by a gentleman who was certainly *not quite ſo rich* as Mr. Elwes. When he reached his ſeat at Stoke —the ſeat of more active ſcenes, of ſomewhat *reſembling hoſpitality,* and where his fox-hounds had ſpread ſomewhat like vivacity around—he remarked, " he had expended a great deal of money once very fooliſhly; but that a man grew *wiſer* by time."

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The rooms at his ſeat at Stoke, that were now much out of repair, and would have all fallen in, but for his ſon, John Elwes, Eſq. who had reſided there, he thought too expenſively furniſhed, as worſe things might have done. If a window was broken, there was to be no repair but that of a little brown paper, or that of piecing in a bit of broken glaſs, which had at length been done ſo frequently, and in ſo many ſhapes, that it would have puzzled a mathematician to ſay "what figure they deſcribed." To ſave fire, he would walk about the remains of an old greenhouſe, or ſit, with a ſervant, in the kitchen. During the harveſt he would amuſe himſelf with going into the fields to glean the corn, on the grounds of *his own tenants;* and they uſed to leave a little more than common, to pleaſe the old gentleman, who was as eager after it as any pauper in the pariſh.

In the advance of the ſeaſon, his morning employment was to pick up any ſtray chips, bones, or other things, to carry to the fire, in his pocket—and he was one day ſurpriſed by a neighbouring gentleman in the act of pulling down, with ſome difficulty, a *crow's neſt*, for this purpoſe. On the gentleman wondering why he gave himſelf this trouble—"Oh Sir, replied old Elwes, it is really a ſhame that theſe creatures ſhould

ſhould do ſo. Do but ſee what waſte they make! They don't care how extravagant they are!"

As no gleam of favourite paſſion, or any ray of amuſement broke through this gloom of penury, his inſatiable deſire of ſaving was now become uniform and ſyſtematic. He uſed ſtill to ride about the country on one of theſe mares—but then he rode her very œconomically; on the ſoft turf adjoing the road, without putting himſelf to the expence of ſhoes—as he obſerved, "The turf was ſo pleaſant to a horſe's foot!" And when any gentleman called to pay him a viſit, and the boy who attended in the ſtables was profuſe enough to put a little hay before his horſe, old Elwes would ſlily ſteal back into the ſtable, and take the hay very carefully away.

That very ſtrong appetite which Mr. Elwes had in ſome meaſure reſtrained during the long ſitting of parliament, he now indulged moſt voraciouſly, and on every thing he could find. To ſave, as he thought, the expence of going to a butcher, he would have a whole ſheep killed, and ſo eat mutton to the—*end of the chapter*. When he occaſionally had his river drawn, though ſometimes horſe-loads of ſmall fiſh were taken, not one would he ſuffer to be thrown in again, for he obſerved, "He ſhould never ſee them again!" Game in the laſt ſtate of putre-

faction, and meat that *walked about his plate*, would he continue to eat, rather than have new things killed before the old proviſion was finiſhed.

With this diet—the *charnel houſe of ſuſtenance*—his dreſs kept pace—equally in the laſt ſtage of *abſolute diſſolution*. Sometimes he would walk about in a tattered brown-coloured hat: and ſometimes in a red and white woollen cap, like a priſoner confined for debt.

When any friends, who might be with him, were abſent, he would carefully put out his own fire, and walk to the houſe of a neighbour; and thus make one fire ſerve both. In ſhort, whatever Cervantes or Moliere have pictured, in their moſt ſportive moods, of *avarice in the extreme*, here might they have ſeen realized or ſurpaſſed!

His ſhoes he never would ſuffer to be cleaned, leſt they ſhould be worn out the ſooner.

But ſtill with all this *ſelf-denial*—that penury of life to which the inhabitant of an *alms-houſe* is not doomed—ſtill did he think he was profuſe, and frequently ſay, "He muſt be a little more careful of his property." And ſtrange as it may appear, I have no doubt he thought the reſolve neceſſary, for his diſquietude on the ſubject of money was now continual. When he went to bed, he would put five or ten guineas into a bureau, and then full of his money, after he had retired to reſt, and ſometimes in the middle of the

the night, he would come down to ſee if it was there. The irritation of his mind was unceaſing. He thought every body was extravagant: and when ſome one was talking to him one day of the great wealth of old Mr. Jennings, and that they had ſeen him that day in a new carriage —" Aye, aye," ſaid old Elwes, " he will ſoon ſee the end of his money."

It will be no exaggeration to ſay, that Mr. Jennings is ſuppoſed, by every man of buſineſs who knows him, to be worth *a million.* The remark therefore very curiouſly ſhews the mind of Mr. Elwes.

But ſtrange as theſe anecdotes may appear, and indeed nearly incredible, it is my conſolation to know that I write nothing but what is in the remembrance of various perſons; and many of theſe occurrences paſſed under my own eye.

Of a character, therefore, ſo ſingular, who would not wiſh to know every thing? and amongſt traits ſo various, a *theatrical anecdote* may not be unamuſing. It was during this period of his being in the country, that he firſt became acquainted with Mrs. Wells. The gallantry peculiar to the manners of the old court, led him to be very attentive and very ceremonious to her: and to the laſt moment of his life,

ſhe remembered the civilities which at times ſo diſtinguiſhed him, and paid him every attention to the lateſt day in which ſhe ſaw him.

As was natural, he would frequently talk to her about theatres; and ſhe as naturally made mention of thoſe preſent talents which adorn the drama of our day. She concluded he had ſeen Mrs. Siddons? No.—Mrs. Jordan? No.—Perhaps Mr. Kemble? No; none of them. It was probable then that he muſt have ſeen the ſtage of his own times—and remembered Mr. Garrick? No: he had never ſeen him. In ſhort, he had *never been at a theatre at all!* Thus, not amongſt the leaſt extraordinary parts of his character, had this extraordinary man let go by, and paſs without his notice, all that had been moſt gratifying to the national taſte; all that a whole country had crowded to ſee; all that had been diſtinguiſhed by public fame and honour; and all that muſt live while *taſte* has a name amongſt us!

And ſtrong as may be ſuppoſed the deſire muſt have been, to ſee ſome part of this, not once in the courſe of nearly eighty years, had the inclination been forcible enough to make him pay *one crown* for the ſight! And Mr. Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, and Mr. Kemble, all ſunk before—*five ſhillings!* Is there in Great Britain,

Britain, one man able to have ſeen theſe things, and living in the ſame town, of whom the ſame can be ſaid?

Thus, in every trait of his character, came forth the *evil genius* of money, and ſpread its influence over all. In the cloſe of *that life* to which I am haſtening—well will it be, if the paſſion which undermined all the happineſs of Mr. Elwes, prove but the means of deſtroying ſuch a ſecond paſſion in others!

NUMBER

NUMBER X.

IT is the lot of ſome men to *outlive themſelves*; and ſuch was the lot of Mr. Elwes. When he firſt viſited Suffolk, his peculiarities were but little known; and when he came to reſide there, his fox-hounds "covered a multitude of ſins." In leaving that country, to become a member of parliament, his public conduct they could not but praiſe; and, in his private character, that which they did not ſee, they could not blame. But when he returned again into Suffolk, and expoſed, to continued obſervation, all his penury —when his tenants ſaw in his appearance or ſtyle of living, every thing that was inferior to their own—when his neighbours, at beſt, could but ſmile at his infirmities—and his very ſervants grew aſhamed of the meanneſs of their maſter—all that approached reſpect formerly, was now gone. And a gentleman, one day, enquiring which was the houſe of Mr. Elwes, was told, ſomewhat

ſomewhat facetiouſly, by one of the tenants—"the *poor-houſe* of the pariſh!"

The ſcene of mortification, at which Mr. Elwes was now arrived, was all but a denial of the common neceſſaries of life: and indeed it might have admitted a doubt, whether or not, if his manors, his fiſh-ponds, and ſome grounds, in his own hands, had not furniſhed a ſubſiſtence, where he had not any thing *actually to buy*, he would not, rather than have *bought any thing*, have ſtarved;—ſtrange as this may appear, it is not exaggerated.—He, one day, during this period, dined upon the remaining part of a moor-hen, which had been brought out of the river by a *rat!* and at another, eat an undigeſted part of a pike, which the larger one had ſwallowed, but had not finiſhed, and which were taken in this ſtate in a net. At the time this laſt circumſtance happened, he diſcovered a ſtrange kind ſatisfaction, for he ſaid to me—"aye! this was killing two birds with one ſtone!" in the room of all comment—of all moral—let me ſay, that, at this time, Mr. Elwes was perhaps worth nearly *eight hundred thouſand pounds!* and, at this period, he had not made his will, of courſe, was not ſaving from any ſentiment of affection for any perſon.

As Mr. Elwes now veſted the enormous ſavings of his property in the funds, he felt no diminution of it. He had given up the paſſion

of

of *lending money*, entirely, for the laſt folly he was guilty of, in this way was an offer of lending it to *me;* and, I muſt confeſs, he experienced an act of unkindneſs, to which he had not been accuſtomed—I did not take it. The manner in which he offered it was not leſs ſingular: I was one day ſitting reading in the room with him, and he was at a deſk amongſt his papers, which he left ſuddenly, and coming up to me, ſaid—"pray, Sir, would you wiſh to borrow a ſum of money? it is very much at your ſervice, if you chuſe it."—On my declining it, he looked aſtoniſhed, and ſaid—"well, now, I will never lend any money again!"—and, I believe, he was faithful to his word.

The ſpring of 1786, Mr. Elwes paſſed alone, at his ſolitary houſe at Stoke; and, had it not been for ſome little daily ſcheme of avarice, would have paſſed it without one conſolatory moment. His temper began to give way apace: his thoughts unceaſingly ran upon *money! money! money!*—and he ſaw no one, but whom he imagined was deceiving and defrauding him.

As, in the day, he would now allow himſelf no fire, he went to bed as ſoon as day cloſed, to ſave candle, and had began to deny himſelf even the pleaſure of ſleeping in *ſheets*. In ſhort, he had now nearly brought to a climax the moral of his whole life—*the perfect vanity of wealth!*

On

On removing from Stoke, he went to his farm-houſe, at Thaydon Hall; a ſcene of more ruin and deſolation, if poſſible, than either his houſes in Suffolk or Berkſhire. It ſtood alone, on the borders of Epping Foreſt; and an old man and woman, his tenants, were the only perſons with whom he could hold any converſe. Here he fell ill; and, as he would have no aſſiſtance, and had not even a ſervant, he lay, unattended and almoſt forgotten, for nearly a fortnight—indulging, even in *death*, that avarice, which *malady* could not ſubdue. It was at this period he began to think of making his will—feeling, perhaps, that his ſons would not be entitled, by law, to any part of his property, ſhould he die inteſtate—and, on coming to London, he made his laſt will and teſtament, of which the following is an atteſted copy:

The WILL *of the Late* JOHN ELWES, *Eſq.*

Extracted from the Regiſtry of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

"*In the Name of GOD, Amen.*—I, JOHN "ELWES, of Stoke, in the County of Suffolk, "Eſquire, do make and declare this writing to "be my laſt will and teſtament, in manner fol-

" lowing: (that is to ſay) In the firſt place, I
" direct that all my juſt debts, funeral, and teſta-
" mentary expences be paid as ſoon as conveni-
" ently may be after my deceaſe. And I do give,
" deviſe, and bequeath, all and every my real
" eſtates, meſſuages or tenements, farms, lands,
" tythes, and hereditaments, ſituate, ſtanding,
" lying, and being in the ſeveral pariſhes or
" places of Stoke, Thaydon, and Marcham, in
" the Counties of Suffolk, Eſſex, and Berks,
" with all and every the barns, ſtables, outhouſes,
" buildings, and appurtenances thereunto belong-
" ing; and all other my real eſtates whatſoever
" and whereſoever ſituate, ſtanding, lying, or
" being, with their and every of their rights,
" members and appurtenances; and alſo all and
" every my perſonal eſtate, goods, chattels, and
" effects whatſoever, and of what nature, kind,
" or quality ſoever, or whereſoever the ſame
" may be, unto my ſon, George Elwes, now liv-
" ing and reſiding at my manſion-houſe, at
" Marcham, in the County of Berks, and my
" ſon, John Elwes, late a lieutenant in his Ma-
" jeſty's ſecond troop of horſe guards, and uſu-
" ally reſiding at my manſion-houſe at Stoke,
" in the County of Suffolk, equally to be divided
" between them, ſhare and ſhare alike; to have
" and to hold all and every my ſaid real and

" perſonal

" perſonal eſtates whatſoever and whereſoever,
" with the rights, privileges, and appurtenances
" thereunto belonging or appertaining, unto them
" my ſaid ſons, George Elwes and John Elwes,
" and their heirs, executors, adminiſtrators, and
" aſſigns for ever more, equally to be divided
" between them as tenants in common. And I
" do hereby direct, that the executors of this my
" will do and ſhall, as ſoon as conveniently may
" be after my death, pay all and every ſuch lega-
" cies or bequeſts as I may think fit to give to
" any perſon whomſoever, by any codicil or pa-
" per writing in the nature of a codicil or teſta-
" mentary ſchedule, to be written or ſigned by
" me, whether the ſame ſhall or ſhall not be
" atteſted by any ſubſcribing witneſſes. And I
" do nominate, conſtitute, and appoint my ſaid
" ſons, George Elwes and John Elwes, executors
" of this my laſt will and teſtament, and hereby
" revoking all former wills by me at any time
" heretofore made, do make and declare this
" writing only as and for my laſt will and teſta-
" ment. In witneſs whereof, I the ſaid John
" Elwes have to this writing, contained in two
" ſheets of paper, which I declare as and for
" my laſt will and teſtament, ſet my hand and
" ſeal, (that is to ſay) my hand to each of the
" ſaid ſheets, and my hand and ſeal to this laſt
" ſheet, and to the label by which they are

" affixed together, the ſixth day of Auguſt, one " thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-ſix.

" JOHN ELWES."

" Signed, ſealed, publiſhed, and declared by " the ſaid John Elwes, as and for his laſt will " and teſtament, in the preſence of us, who in " his preſence, and in the preſence of each other, " and at his requeſt, have ſubſcribed our names " as witneſſes to the execution thereof.

" FELIX BUCKLEY,
" EDWARD TOPHAM.
" THOMAS INGRAHAM."

" *November* 27, 1789.—On which day appear- " ed perſonally George Elwes, of Marcham, in " the County of Berks, Eſq. and John Elwes, " of Stoke, in the County of Suffolk, Eſq. and " made oath, that they are the ſons and execu- " tors named in the laſt will and teſtament of " John Elwes, late of Stoke, in the County of " Suffolk, but at Marcham, in the County of " Berks, Eſq. deceaſed, who departed this life " on the 26th inſtant.

" And theſe deponents further depoſe, that " ſince the death of the ſaid deceaſed, they have " carefully and diligently ſearched amongſt the " ſaid deceaſed's papers of moment and con- " cern, for a codicil or other teſtamentary paper,

" which

"which might be made and executed by him, "the deceaſed, and referred to by him in his "laſt will and teſtament hereunto annexed, and "that they have not been able to find any paper "writing whatever of a teſtamentary nature, "ſave and except the ſaid laſt will and teſtament "of the ſaid deceaſed, hereunto annexed as "aforeſaid, bearing date the ſixth day of Auguſt, "in the year of our Lord one thouſand ſeven "hundred and eighty-ſix.

"GEORGE ELWES,
"JOHN ELWES."

"The ſame day, the ſaid George Elwes and "John Elwes, Eſquires, were duly ſworn to the "truth of this affidavit, before me

"GEORGE HARRIS, Surr. Preſ.
"JAMES HESELTINE, Not. Pub."

"Proved at London, the 27th of November, "1789, before the Worſhipful George Harris, "Doctor of Laws and Surrogate, by the oaths "of George Elwes and John Elwes, Eſquires, "the ſons and executors, to whom adminiſtration "was granted, having been firſt ſworn duly to "adminiſter.

"GEORGE GOSTLING,
"JAMES TOWNLEY, } Deputy Regiſters.
"ROBERT DODWELL,

The

The property here diſpoſed of, may amount, perhaps, to *five hundred thouſand pounds.* The *entailed eſtates* fall to Mr. Timms, ſon of the late Richard Timms, Lieutenant Colonel of the Second Troop of Horſe Guards.

The ſons, named by Mr. Elwes in the will above, were his natural children, by Elizabeth Moren, formerly his houſekeeper at Marcham in Berkſhire.

In mentioning theſe gentlemen as "his natural children," my reſpect for them, I am ſure will not be diminiſhed: and a ring of no ſmall value, lately ſent to me by George Elwes, Eſquire, in memory of their father, tells me I hold ſome place in their eſteem. On the ſubject of *natural children*, what the facetious Dick Beckford once ſaid ſo well, no man need be aſhamed to repeat —"when ſo many *unnatural children* are *abroad*, I never ſhall bluſh to be called the *natural child* of my father."

A ſentiment like this, will not miſbecome the ſons of Mr. Elwes: and as from the large property which has fallen to their ſhare, ſome rank in ſociety muſt be theirs alſo, that property will only be a benefit, or otherwiſe, as it is or is not well employed. In the perſon of their father, they have ſeen how ſmall may be the advantage of *enormous wealth*; how little the happineſs it confers, when confined; and that given to us for

for good or pleaſurable purpoſes, for private or public ends, riches are a bleſſing, only as they are uſed.

If theſe hints be of ſervice, their father will not have lived in vain: and that theſe hints ſhould not be diſregarded, is their peculiar duty —for never yet has *that prodigy* been ſhewn to mankind—*of one family being miſers through* THREE GENERATIONS.

NUMBER

NUMBER XI.

MR. Elwes, ſhortly after executing his will, gave, by letter of attorney, the power of managing and receiving and paying all his monies, into the hands of Mr. Ingraham, his lawyer, and his youngeſt ſon, John Elwes, Eſquire, who had been his chief agent for ſome time.

Indeed the act was by no means improper. The *lapſes of his memory* had now become frequent and glaring. All recent occurrences he forgot entirely; and as he never committed any thing to writing, the confuſion he made was inexpreſſible. As an inſtance of this, the following anecdote may ſerve. He had one evening given a draft upon Meſſrs. Hoares, his bankers, for twenty pounds; and having taken it into his head during the night, that he had overdrawn his account, his anxiety was unceaſing. He left his bed, and walking about his room with that *little feveriſh irritation* that always diſtinguiſhed him, waited with the utmoſt impatience

tience till morning came, when, on going to his banker with an apology for the great liberty he had taken, he was aſſured there was no occaſion for his apology, as he happened to have in their hands, at that time, the ſmall ſum of *fourteen thouſand ſeven hundred pounds!*

However ſingular this act of forgetfulneſs may appear, it will yet ſerve to mark, amidſt all his anxiety about money, that *extreme conſcientiouſneſs*, which was to the honour of his character. If accident placed him in debt to any perſon, even in the moſt trivial manner, he was never eaſy till it was paid; and it ſhould be noted, that never was he known on any occaſion to *fail in what he ſaid*. Of the punctuality of his *word*, he was ſo ſcrupulouſly tenacious, that no perſon ever requeſted better ſecurity; and he was ſo particular in every thing of promiſe, that in any appointment of meeting, or the hour of it, he exceeded even military exactneſs.

The ſummer of 1788, Mr. Elwes paſſed at his houſe in Welbeck-ſtreet, London, and he paſſed that ſummer without any other ſociety than that of two maid ſervants, for he had now given up the expence of keeping any male domeſtic. His chief employment uſed to be that of getting up early in a morning to viſit ſome of his houſes in Mary-le-Bone, which during the ſummer were repairing. As he was there generally at four

o'clock in a morning, he was of courſe on the ſpot before the workmen; and he uſed contentedly to ſit down on the ſteps before the door, to ſcold them when they did come. The neighbours who uſed to ſee him appear thus regular every morning, and who concluded, from his apparel, he was one of the workmen, obſerved, "there never was ſo punctual a man as the *old carpenter*." During the whole morning, he would continue to run up and down ſtairs, to ſee the men were not idle for an inſtant, with the ſame anxiety as if his whole happineſs in life had been centered in the finiſhing this houſe, regardleſs of the greater property he had at ſtake in various places, and for ever employed in the *minutiæ* only of affairs. Indeed ſuch was his anxiety about this houſe, the rent of which was not above fifty pounds a year, that it brought on a fever which nearly coſt him his life: but the fate which dragged him on thus ſtrangely, to bury him under the load of his own wealth, ſeemed as reſiſtleſs as it was unaccountable.

In the muſcular and unencumbered frame of Mr. Elwes, there was every thing that promiſed extreme length of life; and he lived to above ſeventy years of age, without any *natural diſorder* attacking him: but as Lord Bacon has well obſerved, "the minds of ſome men are a lamp that is continually burning," and ſuch was the mind

mind of Mr. Elwes. Removed from thoſe occaſional public avocations which had once engaged his attention, *money* was now his only thought. He roſe upon *money*—upon *money* he lay down to reſt; and as his capacity ſunk away from him by degrees, he dwindled from the real cares of his property, into the puerile concealment of a few guineas. This little ſtore he would carefully wrap up in various papers, and depoſiting them in different corners, would amuſe himſelf with running from one to the other, to ſee whether they were all ſafe. Then forgeting, perhaps, where he had concealed ſome of them, he would become as ſeriouſly afflicted as a man might be who had loſt all his property. Nor was *the day* alone thus ſpent—he would frequently riſe in the middle of the night, and be heard walking about different parts of the houſe, looking after what he had thus hidden and forgotten.

Reſt thou perturbed ſpirit—reſt!

Is an apoſtrophe that *here* would have met real cauſe for its addreſs—not in the wild fancy of the *bard*, bodying forth ideal forms and phantoms of the brain, but in the ſettled thirſt after one object, for ever preying upon the mind, and getting ſtrange maſterſhip over it. Then,

as memory wore away, and reaſon became weaker and weaker ſtill, exhibiting a wondrous picture of *avarice* riſing over the ruins of the underſtanding; the mind all laid waſte before it, and the body at length falling a ſacrifice to feveriſh imagination. Prepoſterous paſſion! that "ſeemed to grow by what it fed on," ſtill more unſated when deſire could have no room for want, and when the powers of enjoyment were all cloſed!

It was at this period, and at ſeventy-ſix years old, or upwards, that Mr. Elwes began to feel, for the firſt time, ſome bodily infirmities from age. He now experienced occaſional attacks from the gout; on which, with his uſual perſeverance, and with all his accuſtomed antipathy to *apothecaries* and their *bills*, he would ſet out to walk as far and as faſt as he could. While he was engaged in this painful mode of cure, he frequently loſt himſelf in the ſtreets, the names of which he no longer remembered, and was as frequently brought home by ſome errand boy, or ſtranger, of whom he had enquired his way. On theſe occaſions he would bow and thank them, at the door, with great civility; but he never indulged them with a ſight of the inſide of the houſe.

During the winter of 1789, the laſt winter Mr. Elwes was fated to ſee, his memory viſibly weakened

weakened every day; and from the unceaſing wiſh to ſave money, he now began to apprehend he ſhould die in want of it. Mr. Gibſon had been appointed his builder, in the room of Mr. Adams; and one day, when this gentleman waited upon him, he ſaid, with apparent concern—"*Sir*, pray conſider in what a wretched ſtate I am; you ſee in what a good houſe I am living—and here are five guineas, which is all I have at preſent; and how I ſhall go on with ſuch a ſum of money, puzzles me to death—I dare ſay you thought I was rich; now you ſee how it is!"

In the ſpring of this year, the eldeſt ſon of Mr. Elwes, Mr. George Elwes, married a young lady, not leſs diſtinguiſhed for her engaging manners than for her beauty. She was a Miſs Alt, of Northamptonſhire, and is the god-daughter of Mr. Haſtings. She is indeed a lady of whom any father might be proud; but pride, or even concern, in theſe matters, were not paſſions likely to affect Mr. Elwes, as a circumſtance, which happened a few years before, in a caſe not diſſimilar, will prove:

Mr. George Elwes had, at that time, paid his addreſſes to a niece of Doctor Noel, of Oxford, who, of courſe, thought it proper to wait upon old Mr. Elwes, to apprize him of the circumſtance, and to aſk his conſent. Old Mr. Elwes had not

not the leaſt objection. Doctor Noel was very happy to hear it, as a marriage betwixt the young people might be productive of happineſs to both. Old Mr. Elwes had not the leaſt objection to any body marrying whatever. "This ready acquieſcence is ſo obliging!" ſaid the Doctor—"but, doubtleſs, you feel for the mutual wiſhes of the parties." "I dare ſay I do," replied the old gentleman. "Then, Sir," ſaid Doctor Noel, "you have no objection to an immediate union?—you ſee I talk freely on the ſubject." Old Mr. Elwes had no objection to any thing. "Now then, Sir," obſerved Doctor Noel, "we have only one thing to ſettle, and you are ſo kind, there can be no difficulty about the matter, as I ſhall behave liberally to my niece—What do you mean to give your ſon?"—"*Give!*" ſaid old Elwes, "ſure I did not ſay any thing about *giving*; but if you wiſh it ſo much, I will *give* my *conſent*."

The word *give*, having ſtuck in the throat of the Elwes family for two generations—the tranſaction ended altogether.

That the above anecdote is literally a fact, Doctor Noel can teſtify, who that day diſcovered there was more than *one ſhort word* in the Engliſh language, to which, there is no reply.

The cloſe of Mr. Elwes's life was ſtill reſerved for one ſingularity more, and which will not be held leſs ſingular than all that has paſſed before

before it, when his diſpoſition and his advanced age are conſidered. He *gave away* his affections: he conceived *the tender paſſion.*—In plain terms, having been accuſtomed for ſome time to paſs his hours, out of œconomy, with the two maid ſervants in the kitchen—one of them had the art to induce him to fall in love with her; and it is matter of doubt, had it not been diſcovered, whether ſhe would not have had the power over him to have made him marry her.

Had Mr. Elwes, at near eighty years of age, and with property amounting to almoſt a million of money—thus cloſed his extraordinary life by a *marriage in the kitchen*, it would indeed have added one feature more to that ſingular memoir, which the life of this gentleman has preſented to the public! and which, ſince the beginning of time, certainly never had a parallel!

But good fortune, and the attention of his friends, ſaved him from this laſt act—in which, perhaps, the pitiable infirmity of *nature*, weakened and worn down by age and perpetual anxiety, is in ſome meaſure to be called to account. At thoſe moments, when the cares of money left him ſomewhat of eaſe, he had no domeſtic ſcene of happineſs to which he could fly—and therefore felt with more ſenſibilty, any act of kindneſs that might come from any quarter:

and

and thus when his ſons were abſent, having no one near him whom *principle* made affiduous—thoſe who might be *intereſted*, too frequently gained his attention.

Mr. George Elwes having now ſettled at his ſeat, at Marcham, in Berkſhire, he was naturally deſirous, that in the affiduities of his wife, his father might at length find a comfortable home. In London he was certainly moſt uncomfortable: but ſtill, with theſe temptations before and behind him, a journey, with any expence annexed to it, was inſurmountable. This, however, was luckily obviated by an offer from Mr. Partis, a gentleman of the law, to take him to his ancient ſeat in Berkſhire, with his purſe perfectly whole—a circumſtance ſo pleaſing, that the general intelligence which renders this gentleman ſo entertaining, was not adequate to it in the opinion of Mr. Elwes. But there was one circumſtance ſtill very diſtreſſing—the old gentleman had now nearly worn out his laſt coat, and he would not buy a new one; his ſon, therefore, with a *pious fraud* that did him honour, contrived to get Mr. Partis to buy him a coat, and make him a preſent of it. Thus, formerly having had a good coat, then a bad one, and, at laſt, no coat at all—he was kind enough to accept one from a neighbour.

NUMBER

NUMBER XII.

ON the day before Mr. Elwes took his *gratuitous journey* into Berkſhire, he delivered to Mr. Partis that copy of his laſt will and teſtament, which he himſelf had kept, to be carried to Meſſ. Hoares, his bankers. Mr. Partis punctually fulfilled his requeſt, and this was the copy proved in Doctors Commons after the death of Mr. Elwes.

Mr. Elwes carried with him into Berkſhire, *five guineas and a half, and half a crown.* Leſt the mention of this ſum may appear ſingular, it ſhould be ſaid, that previous to his journey, he had carefully wrapped it up in various folds of paper, that no part of it might be loſt. On the arrival of the *old gentleman*, Mr. George Elwes and his wife, whoſe good temper might well be expected to charm away the irritations of avarice and age, did every thing they could to make the country a ſcene of quiet to him. But, "he had that within," which baffled every effort of

this kind. Of his heart it might be ſaid, "there was no peace in Iſrael." His mind, caſt away upon the vaſt and troubled ocean of his property, extending beyond the bounds of his calculation, returned to amuſe itſelf with fetching and carrying about a *few guineas*, which in that ocean, was indeed a drop. But Nature had now carried on life nearly as far as ſhe was able.—The ſand was almoſt run out: for againſt ſuch ceaſeleſs inquietudes, what power of body could reſiſt?

His very ſingular appetite Mr. Elwes retained till within a few days of his diſſolution, and walked on foot twelve miles but a fortnight before he died.

The firſt ſymptoms of more immediate decay, was his inability to enjoy his reſt at night. Frequently would he be heard at midnight as if ſtruggling with ſome one in his chamber, and crying out "I will keep my money, I will; nobody ſhall rob me of my property." On any one of the family going into his room, he would ſtart from this *fever of anxiety*, and, as if waking from a troubled dream, again hurry into bed, and ſeem unconſcious of what had happened.

At other times, when perfectly awake, he would walk to the ſpot where he had hidden his money, to ſee if it was ſafe. One night, while in his waking ſtate, he miſſed his treaſure—that great

great ſum of *five guineas and a half, and half a crown!* That great ſum which he carried down into Berkſhire as his laſt, deareſt pleaſure! That great ſum, which at times ſolaced and diſtracted the laſt moments of a man, whoſe property, nearly reaching to a *million*, extended itſelf almoſt through *every county in England.*

The circumſtances of the loſs were theſe:—

Mr. Partis, who was then with him in Berkſhire, was waked one morning about two o'clock by the noiſe of a naked foot, ſeemingly walking about his bed-chamber with great caution. Somewhat alarmed at the circumſtance, he naturally aſked "Who is there!" on which a perſon coming up towards the bed, ſaid with great civility—"Sir, my name is Elwes; I have been unfortunate enough to be robbed in this houſe, which I believe is mine, of all the money I have in the world—*of five guineas and a half, and half a crown!*"—"Dear Sir," replied Mr. Partis, "I hope you are miſtaken; do not make yourſelf uneaſy."—"O! no, no," rejoined the old gentleman, "It's all true: and really, Mr. Partis, with ſuch a ſum—I ſhould have liked to have ſeen the end of it."

This unfortunate ſum was found a few days after in a corner behind the window ſhutter.

It was now the autumn of the year 1789, and the progreſs of each day took ſomething away

from his underſtanding. His memory was gone entirely: his perception of things was decreaſing very rapidly; and as the mind became unſettled, guſts of the moſt violent paſſion uſurped the place of his former command of temper. That courteſy, once ſo amiable in his manners and his addreſs, was now conſpicuous no longer; and there appeared no particle of his mental qualities that did not ſeem to have ſurvived themſelves.

For ſix weeks, previous to his death, he had got a cuſtom of going to reſt in his cloaths, as perfectly dreſſed as during the day. He was one morning found faſt aſleep betwixt the ſheets, with his ſhoes on his feet, his ſtick in his hand, and an old torn hat upon his head.

On this circumſtance being diſcovered, a ſervant was ſet to watch, and take care that he undreſſed himſelf; yet, ſo deſirous was he of continuing this cuſtom, that he told the ſervant, with his uſual providence about money, that if he would not take any notice of him, he would leave him ſomething in his will.

On the 18th day of November 1789, Mr. Elwes diſcovered ſigns of that utter and total weakneſs, which, in eight days, carried him to his grave. On the evening of the firſt day he was conveyed to bed—from which he roſe no more. His appetite was gone—he had but a faint

faint recollection of any thing about him; and his laſt coherent words were addreſſed to his ſon, Mr John Elwes, in hoping "he had left him what he wiſhed." On the morning of the 26th of November, he expired without a ſigh!—with the eaſe with which an infant goes to ſleep on the breaſt of its mother, worn out with "the rattles and the toys" of a long day!

One ſtrange circumſtance I cannot here omit to mention:—ſome days previous to the death of his father, Mr. John Elwes was returning from an eſtate he had juſt purchaſed, in Glouceſterſhire, with a clergyman, to whom he had given the living. On his journey a ſtrange preſentiment came acroſs his mind, that he ſhould ſee his father but once again. The idea was ſo ſtrongly impreſſed upon his thoughts, that he ſat out in the middle of the night to reach Marcham: he did reach it, and was in time to be witneſs of that ſight which moſt afflicts a good ſon, on the ſubject of a father—he beheld him expire.

Thus died Mr. Elwes, fortunate in eſcaping from a world he had lived in too long for his own peace!

I have now fulfilled my promiſe to the public—I have preſented before their view the portraiture of that extraordinary man, whoſe life will not haſtily be forgotten in this country. In

ſaying

ſaying this, I ſhould indeed bluſh, could I take to myſelf any merit in the detail of it.—No; I am free to ſay—it has not the ſmalleſt claim of that ſort; but it is worthy ſome attention with the public, as being the faithful and accurate tranſcript of a man the moſt ſingular this country ever produced, long and intimately known to me; and whoſe manners, ſpite of ſome defects, I ſhall ever reverence and reſpect. For, it will happen, that the pureſt characters are not always thoſe which are loved the moſt. A roughneſs of manner, and a temper that is imperious, will, for ever, prevent affection, however highly we may think of integrity or virtue. In the mildneſs of Mr. Elwes's manners, and in the finiſhed politeneſs of his addreſs, there was more than a counterbalance for all his ſingularities. You eſteemed him, perhaps, more than you ought; and even his faults ſeemed to ſpring from an infirmity that you pitied, more than abhorred.

In giving his character, I have entered into the minutiæ, and all the little anecdotes of private life—for there, and there only, can the real character be ſeen.—Life when "full dreſſed," is always alike. It reſembles the ſoldier on the parade, habited in one uniform, and acting with an uniformity that is equal to his habit.

The ſentiment, which, doubtleſs, will ariſe in the

the minds of thoſe who have peruſed this account, will, perhaps, thus cloſe with me, the reſult of all I have ſaid.

Mr. Elwes, as one of the commons of England, in three ſucceſſive parliaments, maintained a conduct which purer times might have been glad to boaſt, and which later times may be proud to follow. The miniſter that influenced him was—*his conſcience.* He obeyed no mandate, but his opinion. He gave that opinion as he held it to be right.

In one word, his public conduct lives after him, pure, and without a ſtain!

In private life, he was chiefly an enemy to himſelf. To others he lent much—to himſelf he denied every thing. But in the purſuit of his property, or the recovery of it, I have not, in my remembrance, one unkind thing that was ever done by him.

But that great object which riſes higheſt to the view out of the proſpect of his varied life—let me again enforce upon this page. That object is, the *inſufficiency* of *wealth alone* to confer happineſs. For who, after the peruſal of the life of Mr. Elwes ſhall ſay—I am *rich*—and therefore I ſhall be happy?

Every circumſtance of the memoirs here written, proves the fallacy of this hope. But ſtill has ſuch a life had its purpoſe. For if it ſhould

add

add one circumſtance conſolatory to poverty—while it enforces the extreme and perfect *vanity of wealth*—then has ſuch a life, as that of Mr. Elwes, not been in vain.

Such be the wreathe that my humble hand now ſtrews over his grave! a wreathe where flattery has not furniſhed one ſingle flower:—but not wholly unadorned is it, for it is *the tribute of truth!* As ſuch, I give it to his memory; and at a moment when praiſe or blame can effect him no more.

The
No. 3744. SATURDAY, A

ST WEEK OF MONS. SAXONI'S ENGAGEMENT.
ASTLEY'S.
Under the Patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of WALES and Duke of YORK.

THE Public are respectfully informed that the New Chinese Spectacle of ZINGLNA; in which Mrs. [illegible] performs the principal Character, was received with unbounded applause; as was the New Ballet of HARVEST HOME.—The above will be repeated on MONDAY and every Evening (In the course of the Evening, (being the last Week of his engagement) the Sieur SAXONI's FANCIFUL ROPE DANCING; with the Whimsicalities of two Clowns. To conclude with the pupular Pantomime of BONAPARTE; or, HARLEQUIN KING [illegible] Harlequin, Mr. Taylor; Clown, Mr. Laurent; and Columbine, Mrs. Wybrow.

The doors to be opened at Half-past Five, to begin at Half-past Six. Box 4s. Second Price 2s.—Pit 2s. Second Price 1s.—Gallery 1s. Second Price 6d. Second Price to commence at Half-past Eight o'Clock precisely.—Places to be taken of Mrs. Connell, at the Box Office, Westminster-bridge, from 10 to 3 o'Clock.

LADIES' BOARDING SCHOOL, GODMANCHESTER.

MRS. MACKENZIE begs leave respectfully to inform the Public, that she proposes to open, on Monday next, the 6th Instant, at Godmanchester, in Huntingdonshire, a pleasant and healthy situation, about four miles from Cambridge, a School for the Education of Young Ladies; where she earnestly solicits, in addition to the encouragement with which she has been already favoured by her friends in the neighbourhood, that countenance and support, which it will ever be her endeavour to merit and to acknowledge.

Addison, July 30, 1804.

CHURCH PREFERMENT.

WANTED to Purchase an Advowson from Five Hundred Pounds per Annum to any larger sum, subject to an old life, or with the prospect of an immediate induction.

The situation must be healthy and pleasant, with a good house, or one capable of being made so, and within ninety miles of London.

Particulars to be sent to Mr. Tyndale, Solicitor, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION TO MILITIARY GENTLEMEN, REGULARS, AND VOLUNTEERS.

LANGDON, Embroiderer to her Royal Highness the Dutchess of YORK, No. 11, Argyle Buildings, has the honour to acquaint them that he furnishes Regimental Colours complete, for the unprecedented low price of TWENTY GUINEAS.—Viz.

A full and handsome Union, the other painted in a masterly manner conformably to any given Design.

The mouldings embroidered in Silk, Silver, and Gold, proportionably low.—(Letters free of Postage duly answered.)

No. 4, CORNHILL and 9, CHARING-CROSS.

MR. BISH respectfully acquaints the Nobility, Gentry, and Public, that he is selling Tickets and Shares for the First Lottery, which begins Drawing September 4, and solicits a Continuance of their Favours. The highest prices of all outstanding Prizes purchased at the above Office. Persons in the Late or former Lotteries may have their Prizes paid in STERLING GOLD, without any Deduction whatever.

All Business in the Public Funds transacted with Fi[illegible]

LOST, supposed to have been forwarded by the Chester Coach about the 13th of October last, a MAP of an ESTATE, about five feet long, addressed to Mr. D. Walker, Chester.—Whoever will bring the same to No. 20, Wardour-street, shall receive FIVE GUINEAS Reward.

AT a Meeting of the WEAVERS' CORPORATION, or Guild of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Dublin, on MONDAY, the 2d of July, 1804, being Public Quarter Day, the following Address (accompanied with a Shuttle made of Irish Oak, ornamented with gold), was unanimously voted to the Right Honourable JOHN FOSTER:—

"The proudest meed which the public voice can bestow, or individual merit receive, is the sincere applause called forth by public spirit, successfully exerted in the promotion of a Nation's Welfare.

"For years we have watched your progress, and witnessed your toils in the wide field of political economy; your affection for your Country has been constantly manifested by your support to her Laws, and your exertions in promoting her Manufactures, her Trade, and her Agriculture; uninfected by the frenzy of party, her advancement has been your chief object: alike opposing the storm which at times has borne upon her, and alike shunning the delusive gleam of that momentary sun-shine which would have beamed the lustre but upon yourself, you have ever stood her Champion undaunted, and her Friend unseduced.

"We are not of those, who, benefitting by the building, despise the diligence of him who builds; nor can we suffer the drudgery of patient effort, which, while it works unseen, is still accomplishing the good of society, to work on unheeded and unregarded—No; your abilities we admire, and your labours we applaud; abilities which it is the lot of but few to possess, and labours which but few are willing to sustain.

"Accept then, Sir, the free-will offering of Men who know how to appreciate worth like your's; their praise is truth, which no detraction can defile; which all are bound to utter, and modest merit to receive; and so long as Ireland shall be found engraven upon the Map of the World, so long shall the name of FOSTER be found engraven upon the hearts of IRISHMEN."

Resolved, That a Shuttle, made of Irish Oak, ornamented with gold, and inscribed with the following words, shall accompany this Address:—"To the Right Hon. John Foster, the Friend of Ireland—the Protector of her Manufactures—the Encourager of her Agriculture—and the Promoter of her Trade—This token of gratitude is respectfully offered by the Corporation of Weavers, July 2, 1804."

Resolved, That our Brother, Thomas Abbott, Esq. (the Right Hon. Mr. Foster being in London), be requested to forward this Address.

Resolved, That this Address, with Mr. Foster's Answer, shall be inserted three times in the London Papers The Courier and Sun; and in The Dublin Journal, The Dublin Evening Post, and Hibernian Journal. Signed by Order,

CHARLES WALSH, Clk. Gld.

Mr. FOSTER's ANSWER.

GENTLEMEN,

Many years ago you admitted me into your Corporation, with the most honourable marks of your good opinion; and I receive, with the most grateful acknowledgments, this flattering testimony of its continuance.

To improve and extend the Manufactures of our native Country has ever been my anxious wish, and the object of my constant endeavours. Could any thing relax my efforts for a moment, your approbation, so kindly marked by honouring me with an Irish Shuttle, the emblem of your trade, would rouse them to exertion, particularly for the support of that Loom which is under the peculiar protection of our respectable Corporation.

Attached to it, and to you as a Brother Member, by every

accept, by order of the Directory, an inferior command in the army of Italy. We have seen that man, who is this day accused of ambition, accept of a command under Scherer, without a murmur; and, after the misfortunes of that General, only take a temporary command, to retrieve his losses and save the army. With 25,000 he made head against 100,000, and drew off his army at a slow march, and without a check, through the Milanese and Piedmont, putting garrisons into all the fortresses. He beat the Russians at Valence, and, rendering all their superiority of numbers useless by his able manœuvres, concentrated his forces in the Genoese territory, where he waited the arrival of Macdonald, and inaugurated the field of Marengo by a victory obtained over General Belgarde. After so many wonders, to resign the command of that army which he had preserved to General Joubert, who shed tears on seeing the admirable order that had been established, and the noble and modest simplicity with which he resigned to him the chief command, Joubert could not help giving him marks publicly of veneration and regard. He assisted, at the invitation of that successor, without any command, merely as an *amateur*, as he jocularly said, at the too celebrated and unfortunate battle of Novi, where the brave and unfortunate Joubert was killed. Moreau there fought like a common soldier, had three horses killed under him, and performed prodigies of valour, to retard a defeat which he had predicted. He then accepted the dangerous honour of accepting the command of a beaten army, given to him by general acclamation, and soon rendered it so formidable to the enemy, that they dared not to attack him. He kept strong positions in Italy, and retrieved the disasters of Joubert, till he was succeeded by General Championet, to whom he resigned the command: thus, with infantine docility, taking and resigning the chief command at the will or caprice of those whom he acknowledged as his masters, although he was at the head of an army devoted to him, and endeared to all by his great services and abilities.

Such was Moreau, in Vendemiaire in the year 8—Moreau, whom the act of accusation represents as a suspicious person, and an accomplice of Pichegru in the year 4. We see in what manner he has betrayed the interests of his country.

(To be continued regularly.)

NEW SOUTH WALES.

[FROM THE SYDNEY GAZETTE—*Feb.* 26.]

From Mr. Chace, master of the John, we learn the following fresh particulars relative to Druce.

He was set on shore, as we before stated, upon an island in Bass's Straits, called Penguin, with three of the companions of his rashness; but deprived of his boat, as well for the purpose of securing them as to prevent any hostile attempts upon the sealing parties thereabouts; but a few days after Mr. Chace was surprised at Cape Barren with the appearance of a canoe, composed entirely of skins; nor was his surprise lessened when he beheld Druce and two of his companions, clad in surtouts of the same fabric, advancing towards himself and his party with a musket. When they had approached as nearly as they dare thought proper, the John's [illegible]

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

WORCESTER, THURSDAY, AUGUST 2.

The Hunter's Purse of 50l. given by Wm. Lygon, Esq. and the Hon. J. W. Ward, the Members for the county, was run for by

Mr. Squire's bl. c. by Sir Peter	-	-	-	1 1
Mr. S. Wilkin's b. h. Crabstock	-	-	-	2 2
Mr. Walker's b. g. Escape	-	-	-	3 dr
Mr. Pain's b. g. by Spot	-	-	-	dr.

TOTNESS RACES, TUESDAY, JULY 17.

Fifty Pounds, free for all horses carrying weight for age and inches, the best of three four mile heats.

Lieut. Col. Andrew's g. h. Marquis				1 1
Lord Lisle's roan horse, Gourd	-	-	-	2 2
Mr. Lang's b. h. Borington	-	-	-	dis.

WEDNESDAY.

A Sweepstakes for hunters, carrying 12st. the best of three two-mile heats, 10 subscribers, 5 gs. each.

Mr. White's bl. g. Sweep	-	-	-	1 1
Mr. Kempson's ch. g. Dragon	-	-	-	2 3
Mr. F.'s b. g. Girkin	-	-	-	3 4
Mr. Foss's b. m. Fessonia	-	-	-	4 2

THURSDAY.

A purse of Fifty Guineas, and upwards, the best of three two-mile heats.

Lieut. Col. Andrew's b. g. Wine-bibber	-	-	-	1 1
Mr. Temple's b. g. Contest	-	-	-	2 2
Lord Lisle's roan h. Gourd, bolted	-	-	-	dr.

The same day a match of Fifty Guineas each.

Lieut. Col. Andrew's g. h. Marquis	-	-	-	1
Mr. Whyte's b. g. Sweep	-	-	-	2

Also a match for 50l. the best of three three-mile heats.

Mr. Foss's b. m. Fessonia	-	-	-	0 2 1
Mr. F.'s b. g. Girkin	-	-	-	0 1 2

LEITH RACES, FRIDAY, JULY 27.

The Ladies Purse of 50gs. was ran for over the Sands at Leith

Lord Belhaven's Brandon	-	-	-	1
Mr. Hill's Antelope	-	-	-	2
Lord Montgomery's Fipstor	-	-	-	3

Saturday Mr. Hill's Antelope walked over the course for the Purse for the beaten horses of the week, and afterwards a hack race, which afforded no sport.

SOUTHAMPTON RACES, JULY [illegible]

Cup of 50gs.

Mr. Brenthwayte's Ragman	-	-	-	
Sir H. Lippincot's Slate	-	-	-	
Mr. Sober's c. m. Margery	-	-	-	4
Mr. Portal's Piercefield	-	-	-	2 d

A good race; the last heat Slate came in first, but owing to crossing, Ragman had the heat given in his favour.

BIRTHS.

July 31, at Woolford Lodge, the Lady of Lieut.-General Simcoe of a daughter.

On Wednesday, at Clifton, near Bristol, the Lady of Captain Ross, of the Royal Navy, of a daughter.

Thursday, at his house Casina, Dulwich Hill, the Lady of Richard Shawe, Esq. of a son.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday, at Seething, Norfolk, Charles Barclay, Esq. of Barclay, Esq. of Clapham, Surrey, to Miss Kett, daughter of Thomas Kett, Esq.

Yesterday, at Mary-le-bone Church, Joseph Whately, Esq. to Miss Halsey, daughter and heiress of Thomas Halsey, Esq. of Great Gaddesden-place, formerly one of the Representatives of the County of Hertford, in three successive Parliaments.

At the island of St. Vincent, Captain Thomas Lewis, the 37th Regiment of Foot, to Miss Henville, daughter of the Hon. Judge Henville, Chief Justice of the islands of St. Vincent and the Grenadines.

Thursday August 2, at Titchfield, by the Rev. Alexander Radcliffe, Rear-Admiral Purvis, to Mrs. William Dick, only daughter and heiress of the late Sir Archibald Dick, Bart.

On Thursday, at St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, [illegible] Maude, Esq. late of Montgomery, North Wales, to [illegible] Wade, Southampton-row, Bloomsbury-square.

DIED.

On Thursday last, at Brompton, Mrs. Cocker, wife of J. Cocket, Esq. of Nassau-street.

Suddenly, on the 31st ult. Mr. Samuel Gay, of the Victualling Office, Deptford, of the [illegible]

On Tuesday last, at Newington, Surrey, in the [illegible] of her age, Mrs. Dixon, wife of Mr. Dixon, [illegible]

On Saturday last, at Finsbury, Hampstead, [illegible] Holloway, in an advanced age, daughter of [illegible] Smith, formerly of the same place.